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The Strange Case of Eleanor Cuyler

BY KINGSLAND CROSBY

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"Fifty-fourth street and Seventh avenue!" he commanded as he swung into a cab and slammed the door. "Let me off at the corner—as fast as the police will permit!"

By this time the cab was turning around in Forty-second street. Up Madison avenue it dashed in the cool, sweet-smelling darkness and then westward through Fifty-fourth. Once a policeman stepped from the sidewalk and held up a warning hand, but stepped back again as the driver called:

"Doctor inside there! It's a-life-and-death case——"

The driver knew his business. He could pick out a patron who was generous with tips as far as the next one. When the cab stopped at Seventh avenue to let him get out, Barrett tossed a bill to the man on the box and started on foot for Fifty-fifth street. He had planned the whole thing carefully. What had happened to his college mate he knew not, of course, but something serious, surely. That was enough. If Winthrop were lying desperately ill, and alone, it would never do to have a cab tear up the street and stop in front of the building; hence he had left it a short block distant. There might be other emergencies of which Sheldon was the victim. He must proceed cautiously as well as rapidly.

The entrance to the building was unlocked, and the halls were dimly lighted. Up the stairs Barrett went, three steps at a time, and by the aid of matches examined the visiting cards of tenants which were tacked on one studio door after another. Finally on the third floor, front, he came upon his friend's name.

For a moment he paused, listening intently. Yes, there could be no doubt of it—someone was in the studio, breathing heavily.

He knocked lightly. There was no response.

Again he knocked, and called: "Wake up, Winthrop! It's me—Barrett!"

He pressed his ear to the door, and distinctly heard a man groan, evidently trying to speak, but unable—gagged and bound, perhaps!

Barrett sprang back across the hall, gathered his huge frame together, and launched himself, shoulder first, into the air. The door cracked and shivered, but resisted the onslaught—held fast. Without waiting an instant he hurled his mighty bulk against it a second time, and a third, when it crashed inward—the lock burst, the hinges torn out—and fell with a bang on the floor. Barrett fell with it, but bounded to his feet like a rubber ball, squared off, took in the whole scene with a single sweeping glance, and in one jump reached the broad window seat, where he dimly saw the figure of a man trying to arise.

"Winthrop!" he roared in tones that could be heard a block away. "It's all right, old man! I'm here—Barrett—what's the row?"

"Easy, easy, Tom—you'll shake my collarbone loose . . . There, that's better. Let me turn on the light, so."

Barrett stepped back as the other pressed a button close at hand, and saw before him Hambidge, heavy-eyed, clad in pajamas; yawning, but grinning nevertheless.

"Hullo, Bill!" he cried after a moment of suspense. "Might have known you'd get here ahead of me—but where's Winthrop, and what's the trouble?"

"Oh, he's down at Manhattan Beach for the night. I got here late Sunday afternoon and found him so used up that I sent him away to take a dip in the ocean and get some sleep. He'll be back for breakfast by eight or nine at latest."

"But the trouble, man—speak up!"

Barrett approached Hambidge again, impetuously stretching out a mighty arm.

"Hold on, Tom! Sit down there—now I can tell you."

And he repated all that Winthrop had told him; how Eleanor and Mrs. Hazard had been at the studio the previous Monday, how they had walked together to Seventh avenue, where the girl had boarded a car, waved good-bye to her aunt—and had not been seen or heard of since.

"The devil you say!" Barrett roared, as the other concluded. "What does her father think? What has he been doing? What have you and Winthrop been about? Good heavens, man! Here's a whole week passed, and no trace of her——"

"Easy, easy, there! It's a peculiar case, and we must go forward cautiously."

"Caution be hanged! That's where your miserable, petti-fogging legal training comes in, Hambidge. Law and orderliness, I mean. No offense to you, old fellow, but this is a case for tearing the town wide open—going through it with a fine tooth comb—setting a thousand men at work—retaining the entire force of every detective agency in the country—calling on the newspapers for help. Why, man, think what it means! It's bad enough to have Miss Cuyler disappear, kidnaped, held for ransom maybe, or murdered in cold blood—the girl our chum is in love with—but unless she is found and restored unharmed to her family, no other woman will be safe going about this barbaric city alone, day or night!"

"Tommy," remarked Hambidge in his most judicial manner, "you're feverish, that what you are. And unless you cool down I'll ask Winthrop to have you withdraw from the case. You'll only frustrate our efforts unless you'll behave sensibly, like a real grown-up man."

"Sensibly!" snorted Barrett; but he ceased tramping around the studio, and threw himself into a chair.

"Go on," he growled.

"I will, so as to save time. In the first place Winthrop isn't in love with the girl——"

"Tell that to the Marines!"

"And furthermore," Hambidge continued calmly, "Mr. Cuyler has pledged him to secrecy—absolute secrecy. For many good reasons he would not have the police get hold of this, or the newspapers, except as the last, final resort. Neither would he call on a private detective agency, for fear of a leak, I mean. But he has done something better, far more important, far more effective."

"What?" Barrett commanded with ill-concealed disgust.

Hambidge's voice sank. "He has invoked the personal aid of the President, who has placed at his disposal the chief consulting agent of the federal secret service."

"Bully for Cuyler!" cried the other man, springing from his chair. "Here, Bill, give me something to smoke—where does Winthrop keep his cigars? . . . Go on, son. What next?"

"This agent, a yellow-haired beggar called Wotsirb—though I don't believe that's his real name—came here this morning; I mean yesterday morning, Sunday—with a camera and photographed Miss Cuyler's portrait which Winthrop had just about finished."

"Her portrait! Where—is that it?"

Hambidge nodded, and Barrett, stepping to the easel, threw back the cloth hanging before it.

For a full minute he stood motionless before a masterly painting of a young girl in simple, unaffected costume, looking straight at him with deep, wide-open eyes—an inspired portrait if ever there was one. He could almost see her full, young bosom rise and fall; he could almost hear her speak with those half-parted lips.

Instantly, quietly, his hat came off, and he stood motionless, his head inclined as if in her living presence. Then he took one deep, long breath and turned to his friend who now stood beside him.

"Is that Eleanor Cuyler?" he asked in a reverent whisper.

Hambidge nodded.

"Are you sure that—that Winthrop, our chum—that Winthrop really does not love her?"

Again Hambidge nodded.

"Absolutely sure," he said in matter-of-fact tones.

And Barrett, in wonder, silently returned to his chair.

VII.

Nine o'clock found them breakfasting with Winthrop at his club.

"Haste is waste, not promptness," said Hambidge, "so let's take our time and have a satisfactory meal. We've got a lot of things to talk over, and we might as well do it here as at the studio."

"All right, all right," Barrett assented, "but it won't take me long to eat . . . Just order peaches and cream for me, Sheldon, and a couple of poached eggs and rolls, and a brace of English chops. Coffee, of course, but only two or three cups."

"What!" the painter exclaimed in well-feigned surprise. "no cereal?"

"Well," Barrett hesitated, "perhaps you had better add some oatmeal."

"And a porterhouse?" added Hambidge, inquiringly.

"No," thundered the other, perceiving that they were chaffing him. "Just what I have told you. That's all . . . If I weighed a measly 150, like you bantams, I could get along on a few crumbs. But when a man's full grown and tips the scales at 220, stripped, he needs a meal, not an excuse for one."

"Look here," Hambidge broke in, taking a newspaper from his pocket and pointing to a "personal" on the front page.

They looked and read the following:

Reward of fifty and no questions asked, for return in good condition of parcel in white and brown covering, missing from Seventh avenue car near Forty-fourth street, at about noon, Monday, July 16. M. C.

"Ah!" exclaimed the painter, "that's Wotsirb. If anyone has abducted Eleanor they'll be sure to watch the personal column for an offer of ransom, and they'll recognize Mortimer Cuyler's initials at once. It means fifty thousand, probably, as a starting figure to work up from."

"I don't know this secret service man," Barrett remarked, attacking a roll; "but if he's doing that sort of thing he's on the wrong track. Let him alone though, and we'll get out and find the girl while he's pulling wires and trying to trap the kidnapers."

"What's your idea?" asked the lawyer, with interest.

"The obvious thing to do is to get hold of the last person who saw Miss Cuyler. That person is the conductor of the Seventh avenue car."

"As she probably got off at Twenty-third street," Hambidge rejoined, "with a dozen other women, it isn't likely the conductor would remember anything about her—especially since a whole week has gone by—even if you could locate the conductor."

"Just the same, it's the first logical step to take," Barrett remarked with dogged persistence.

Winthrop said nothing.

"It's certainly worth considering, Tom—your plan, I mean," Hambidge admitted, "but we'd better wait until we get back to the studio before deciding on it. Meanwhile, we can be thinking of possible objections."

When they returned to Fifty-fifth street, an hour later, and gathered around a table, Barrett, as was his wont, took charge of the situation.

"Gentlemen," said he, without preliminary, "this is a council of war. We must proceed carefully, but above all, expeditiously. In the first place, it is of the utmost importance for us to keep intouch with each other, and with Mr. Cuyler, and this detective person. In other words, one of us must stay here in the studio, which we will regard as headquarters."

"Winthrop is the man for that job," Hambidge suggested.

"I agree with you," replied Barrett, "especially because he knows the Cuylers personally and is known to the secret service man."

"You and I will act as the field-force, then?"

"As scouts, perhaps," returned the Bostonian. "But first there is one little preliminary to be arranged. We need sinews for this campaign as for any other war. Now don't interrupt until I'm through!" he continued hastily. "Boys, there's no use acting like a parcel of fools. In the old days at college when two of us were strapped—as was generally the case—the third man put up all he had and divided equally, and nobody ever thought of having an accounting."

"Well, I'm not strapped exactly," the lawyer rejoined.

"And I have nearly five thousand available in bonds," Winthrop added, reddening a little.

"Glad to hear it," Barrett went on without the quiver of an eyelash. "Keep it there, my son. You've worked hard and long to get that much together—oh, I know something about painter-chaps!" he exclaimed jovially, clapping his friend on the knee with a force that was felt for three days. "Now, I've got that much, and more, coming to me every 30 days, without lifting a finger even to beckon to it."

He pushed back his chair and gazed into the faces of the other two.

"I put up the capital for this game," he concluded, "or I don't play."

"Not for a minute!" cried Winthrop.

"Well, I guess not!" Hambidge chimed in. "Where are you going?" he added as Barrett suddenly arose, kicking his chair half way across the room as he did so, and reaching for his hat.

"I'm going back home," he growled in tones of disguest, starting for the door.

Hambidge also stood up.

"Come back here, Tom," he commanded. "Don't be an ass. You can do as you like, and we can settle later."

"Now you're talking sense," observed the New Englander, tossing his hat on the table. "But what's the first thing to do?"

"Start downtown and see Mr. Cuyler," said Winthrop.

"I'll go along and wait until you find out whether he's heard anything over Sunday," Barrett remarked. "Then I'll make it my business to get next to the conductor of that car. Bill," he added, "it's up to you to stay here and keep house. I don't know just when we'll get back, but we must all meet again sometime today or tonight. Come on, Sheldon."

The two men went out to the corner and walked toward the nearest elevated railroad station, engrossed in their plans for the immediate future. They were mounting the steps, when Barrett paused.

"How do you know Mr. Cuyler's in his office? Let's find out before we travel away down to Wall street."

"That's so—suppose I step over to the hotel there and telephone him? Then if he can see me, we will take the elevated for down town."

Johnson responded to the telephone call. Mr. Cuyler was in; he had reached his office at 8 this morning, and would be very glad to see Mr. Winthrop.

"I'll be down immediately," said the other, ringing off.

The financier's secretary was on the lookout and met them near the main entrance to the banking house, but before he could greet them a gigantic Irishman stepped forward to ask the newcomers whom they wished to see. "Big Mike's" business was to be sure that no crank or newly-arrived anarchist came over the threshold of Cuyler & Company's quarters. He kept track of professional crooks as a matter of general interest, but not because any of them would try to gain admittance to his employer's offices. The underworld did not invade the financial district. Superintendent Byrnes had already established the "dead-line" at Fulton street; and any crook known to the police who attempted to cross it was supposed to be arrested on sight, no matter what his errand—"for the good of society."

"Come right in, Mr. Winthrop," said Johnson, welcoming the painter and his friend, and leading them along the corridor to one of several small waiting rooms.

As they passed him "Big Mike" photographed their faces and general appearance on the unfading film of his remarkable memory. They might not come within his ken again for 10 years, or 20—but whenever or wherever they should reappear, alone or together, he would recognize them instantly, unerringly. That was why he drew $5,000 a year salary for standing by that front door seven hours a day, apparently doing nothing.

Barrett remained in a waiting room while Johnson took Winthrop into the private office where Cuyler sat alone at a large old-fashioned mahogany desk.

The banker greeted his visitor with a quiet cordiality, but his expression was tense, and there were lines of anxiety about his eyes.

"Have a chair, Sheldon," he said; then added to his secretary, "Don't let me be disturbed by anyone excepting Wotsirb—he must have immediate access at any moment."

Johnson closed the door after him and sat near it, where he could intercept anyone approaching the private office.

"First of all," the banker continued, turning to his visitor, "have you heard or found out anything?"

"Practically nothing. You saw that 'personal' in the morning papers, of course?"

The older man nodded.

Winthrop wanted to ask whether he had news of his missing daughter, but restrained the impulse; for Cuyler turned away toward the window and looked down at the human ants scurrying this way and that, through Wall street. Here and there little knots of men gathered, talked absorbingly, then hastily parted. One or two in every group showed the others something in an early edition of the afternoon papers.

There was excitement in the air, and it was growing. Newsboys were running hither and thither, selling extras. Their shrill, sharp voices came to the private office indistinctly. Winthrop could not make out the words they shouted.

Finally the banker spoke again.

"Sheldon," he said, "I know how desirous you are to help find my girl, and I will put nothing in your way. Personally, however, I shall make no independent move—certainly not until Wotsirb's efforts prove fruitless. He is in complete charge of the case, and my counsel advises me to do exactly as he says, and to keep hands off."

"But you give me permission to go ahead on my own initiative?"

"Provided you use the utmost care not to let the matter become public. If by any chance you should get a trace of Eleanor you will let me know, of course . . . She is, what her mother was the day we were married," he concluded huskily.

For the second time he turned toward the window, and its light showed his face colorless, gray, hopeless—a reflection for the moment of the despairing spirit within.

Winthrop was shocked.

"Nothing will be left undone, Mr. Cuyler, to find her," he said, rising.

"Thank you, Sheldon . . . When you can do so, please run down and see Mrs. Hazard. She must be very anxious indeed . . . Good-bye."

"Good-bye, sir."

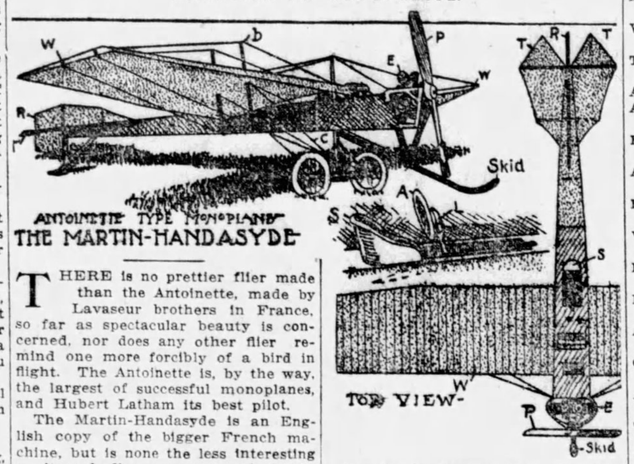
The painter rejoined Barrett, and they started uptown to find the conductor in whose car Eleanor had disappeared.

(To be Continued.)

MODERN AEROPLANES

Antoinette Monoplane

DESCRIBED BY WM. B. STOUT.



ANTOINETTE TYPE MONOPLANE
THE MARTIN-HANDASYDE

THERE is no prettier flier made than the Antoinette, made by Lavaseur brothers in France, so far as spectacular beauty is concerned, nor does any other flier remind one more forcibly of a bird in flight. The Antoinette is, by the way, the largest of successful monoplanes, and Hubert Latham its best pilot.

The Martin-Handasyde is an English copy of the bigger French machine, but is none the less interesting as it embodies a number of simplifications and changes which make for a more practical machine.

The most interesting part of the monoplane to the novice is the "fuselage," or main body part. This, in the Martin-Handasyde, is built up like a boat, of ribs and thin wood, so that the whole fuselage is inclosed.

This form of construction makes for a little more weight, but lessens the 'head resistance" to the wind, which is more of a bugbear to the flying machine builder than weight.

This allows the use of a comfortable cockpit for the pilot, as shown in the little inset sketch.

This sketch shows also the control wheel, turning which works the warping of the wings for balancing, while pushing it from you or pulling it toward you works the tail to steer up and down.

Steering is done with the feet.

The famous Gnome motor has never been used with success, so far as I know, on the Antoinette machine, the makers using a motor of their own make.

On the English machine, however, the Gnome is fitted and gives seemingly good results.

This rotary motor—which I shall take the time to describe in detail later on—is shown at the front end of the machine at E, just behind the propeller, P. This propeller pulls the machine along after it, this type being known as a "tractor" propeller.

The sketch at the right shows a part plan view of the machine, giving a good idea of the tail and wing constructions, the part R of the "empennage," as the whole tail arrangement is called, being the rudder steering right and left. The sections, T, are interconnected and steer up and down.

The landing arrangement or undercarriage is of an unusual type, the single skid sticking out in front beyond the propeller, while back of it are two wheels mounted above a wooden spring to which their axle is fastened, and which takes all the landing shocks.

A small skid in the rear supports the tail.

A City's Flower Farm.

Chicago Daily News.

San Diego, Cal., is the only city in the country that has a municipal flower farm started with the aim of providing floral and horticultural exhibits for the Panama-California international exposition in 1915. The city officials, who are promoting the farm, found they could save hundreds of thousands of dollars by utilizing the 1,700-acre tract in Balboa park to grow flowers, and it is expected many millions of plants will be ready in two years.

The farm already has 1,000,000 geraniums, as many red roses, white roses and 20 acres of California golden poppies. It has 100,000 palm trees. The park consequently has become the most beautiful in colors and flowers in the country and thousands of tourists who have been passing several months in the west have made it a point to visit San Diego just to see the flower farm.

The Deadly Toadstool.

Washington Star.

New York has had several cases of fatal toadstool poisoning of late, and an effort has been made by the newspapers of that city to instruct the public in the important and easily recognized differences between the edible and the non-dible fungus. Certain broad rules are so simple that they can be written down to be referred to whenever the temptation is felt to pick and eat. One of these is that the edible mushroom is white above and pink beneath, the pink changing to a browning hue, growing darker with age.

The surest way is to bring home the first hatful of supposed mushrooms and submit them to some neighborhood authority, such as may always be found close at hand. But there is one general rule of safety: When in any doubt whatever, throw the tempting morsel away.

German Superstition.

Chicago Post.

The sword arm of Bismarck fell from his statue on Sedan day. The German peasants say this is a sign of war. It looks more like a sign of peace.

An Egyptian Love Charm.

Carven with curious symbol and mystic sign,
Enwrapped in tissue of gold, as in a shrine,
It lay in a sandalwood casket wrought with pearl
And rare chased ivories. What slim, dark girl,
What cherished love of king or caliph wore
This delicate trinket? Did Egyptian lore
Avail to keep faith in hearts of old?
And would their passionate love shame ours more cold?
Enchanted, yet it breathes rose attar vows
And lotus lure of love. Beneath palm boughs,
By marble fountains, tempted, sphinx-lined ways,
Were kisses treason or the pledge of days
Heavy with fate? Was love too madd'ned sweet
For one so frail? Was love too fevered fleet?
And did she wear this token to her grave,
Counting all naught to be his queen or slave?
And had she those fond fancies that defy
The grave, soul of his soul, content to die
Thinking sweet love immortal? Long since then
The centuries have borne great tides of men;
Undying Greece has flamed and flared away;
Reverberant Rome has passed; yet to this day
This fragile bit of perishable gold,
With vows and kisses, prayers and tears enscrolled,
Fair as of old, wanders in distant lands,
Homeless, a-weary for those first soft hands.

—Gertrude Huntingdon McGiffert, in Smart Set.

THE REAL "SANS-GENE"

Story of Her Adventurous Career in French Army.

London Globe.

Every one knows the washerwoman who was so familiar with Napoleon in Victorian Sardou's play Madame Sans-Gene, but the real "Sans-Gene," who lived at that time was a dragoon in one of the great Corsican's armies and spent 20 years in camps and barracks, in campaigns and battle over Europe. In the Musee de L'Armee in Paris a special case has just been installed inside which stands her equestrian statue.

Her real name was Marie Therese Figueur and she was born in Burgundy in 1774. When 19, at the end of the Reign of Terror, she enrolled in a cavalry regiment commanded by one of her uncles and soon acquired the nickname of "Sans-Gene."

Mme. Sans-Gene fought in Germany with the French, and Batavian armies, charged at Hohenlinden, took part in the siege of Toulon, was in the Italian, Spanish and Austrian campaigns and fought at Austerlitz and in Russia. During the Hundred Days the emperor conferred the Legion of Honor upon her and she charged at Waterloo for the last time.

With the Restoration she left the army to get married. She was then 39. In the course of her martial career Sans-Gene had five horses shot under her and was wounded eight times in different engagements. She died in hospital in 1861.

A 23 Pound Cat.

South Bend Cor. Indianapolis News.

Tip, a giant cat owned by Mrs. O. F. Duncan, of this city, is said to be the largest cat in the United States and Canada. Tip is closely followed in the race for weight honors by his brother Tot, who weighs 20 pounds, three pounds less than the other cat. The cats are eight years old. Tip is 39 inches long from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail and his neck is 5½ inches in circumference.

Every day each cat consumes one and one-half pounds of round steak and a pint of milk. How the cats came to grow so large is a mystery, even to the owner. She said they had received the same care as other animals of this kind.

Born in His Own Church.

London Express.

Canon William Hector Lyon, who died on Thursday night at Sherburne, had the distinction of being born in his own church. The canon was 84 years of age, and for 40 years was the vicar of Sherborne Abbey, in the Lady Chapel of which he was born in 1827, when the abbey was used as a dwelling house. Before he retired he was almost totally blind, but regularly conducted the abbey service, his wonderful memory rarely failing him.

Farmers' Unions Grow in Holland

AN important feature of the agricultural industry in northern Holland is the tendency toward co-operation. Until about 1900 there was comparatively little local organization, most of the associations up to taht time having been either national or provincial. The last decade, however, has developed hundreds of rural societies of a co-operative character, with great diversity of purposes for the benefit of the Dutch farmers. Indeed, it is doubtful if there is any country in the world except Denmark where agriculture is so thoroughly organized as in the Netherlands.

Earlier agricultural organizations were concentrated largely at the seats of the provinces or at the national capital. They dealt with problems of a national character, treated with theoretical problems and ignored the more vital matters of practical farm life. The newer organizations, on the other hand, aim at administering to local needs, such as co-operative buying, credits, insurance, education and general social uplift. The rural organizations in their first stage contemplated only co-operative purchasing, but in the last few years they have gradually approached a state of mutual co-operation in so far as practicable. Whereas they formerly co-operated in the purchase of fertilizers, feed and seeds and in breeding, they now co-operate in improving the social advantages of the members and their families and assisting financially those in more limited circumstances.

According to published statistics the number of members in the various kinds of rural associations in northern provinces may be stated as follows:

Provincial farmers' association	56,000
Agricultural societies	31,500
Stock growers' organizations	2,400
Various rural co-operative societies	38,000

In connection with these general organizations there are numerous societies for special purposes in different local sections. The experimental branch of work belongs to this class, such as private co-operative stations, where cheese, butter, fertilizers, cattle breeding, farm administration, household economics and a great diversity of other problems are treated advantageously.

The co-operative insurance and banking societies also furnish excellent advantages for the rural population. In such cases as the foot and mouth disease among stock, agriculture would be a hazardous pursuit if some means of cooperative insurance were not in vogue. Hail, fire and other insurance is almost entirely underwritten by co-operative associations of farmers.

The increase in the number of members belongs to the various co-operative farmers' societies in Holland may be seen from the following table:

Districts.	1905.	1909.
Groningen	7,000	8,900
Friesland	6,000	8,500
Gelderland	15,500	20,500
North Holland	14,400	18,500
Utrecht	2,300	4,200

The value of goods purchased by these co-operative societies in 1904 was $4,776,162, as compared to $7,477,200 in 1907. It is claimed that supplies purchased in bulk can be obtained more economically and in a better quality. The trade of one of these organizations is a valuable consideration which stands the members in hand in making their co-operative purchases.

The value of fertilizers, feed and seed purchased by co-operation in the provinces under consideration per 100 hectares (247 acres), according to the last published reports, was as follows: Groningen, $625.11; North Holland, $212.66; Gelderland, $258.49; Friesland, $95.26; Utrecht, $178.09. The great pasturage of Friesland accounts for its low figure, while the intensive agriculture in the Groningen region contributes to its extensive purchases.

In the last decade the increase in agricultural products in this section has been about 75 per cent, which, by most authorities, is attributed to this recent system of co-operation.

Find Poem by William Cullen Bryant.

Philadelphia Public Ledger.

An unpublished poem of William Cullen Bryant came to light when Mrs. Elizabeth Mumford presented 20 autographed letters to the South Pasadena public library. The verse, which was found in a letter sent by the poet to Mrs. Mumford more than 25 years ago, is as follows:

"There's a dance of the leaves in the poplar boughs,
There's a flutter of wind in the beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook as it runs to me."

ASHTON KIRK INVESTIGATOR

By JOHN T. McINTYRE

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"It is an exercise ordered by my physician," he answered. "I protested against it strongly, but he was obdurate. And I am compelled to do it before I have had my breakfast," hollowly. "It is scarcely short of barbarous."

Here the small horse stretched its neck and shook itself until the harness rattled. Pendleton looking from master to beast thought they might exchange places much to the master's ultimate well-being.

There was a short pause; then Dr. Mercer bent his head toward them.

"When you visited the institute a few nights ago," said he, "you also, at my request, visited Professor Locke."

Ashton-Kirk nodded.

"For some time," proceeded the other, "I have fancied that there was something wrong with him. Not of a physical nature, as is, unfortunately the case with myself, but more in a mental way. But since that night I have been sure that some sort of a derangement had fixed itself upon him, or is in progress. He can scarcely be called the same person. More than once I have been afraid," and here the speaker lowered his voice to a husky whisper, "that he is unbalanced."

"That is very grave," said Ashton-Kirk.

"It has occurred to me," went on the doctor, not without shrewdness, "that something happened that night which unsettled him." The eyes seemingly floating in fat, turned themselves first to Pendleton, then to Ashton-Kirk. "I suppose, though, you know nothing of it?"

"We noticed that he seemed greatly agitated," replied the investigator. "And we are alarmed to hear that he seems disturbed."

"It is our rule that no one leave the institute grounds after nightfall," said Dr. Mercer, in a troubled voice. "Last night I had occasion to send for him, but he was gone. This morning I stopped to reproach him for his absence; but apparently he has not returned."

"You're mistaken there," put in Burgess. "Look!"

He indicated the house as he spoke. The small figure of Locke was seen emerging at the front door; he paused for a moment, peering this way and that in his near-sighted fashion, then hastily made his way toward the workshop. Evidently he had not seen them.

With great labor and much catching of breath Dr. Mercer had turned sufficiently to see these things. He seemed greatly astonished.

"He was there all the time," said he. "It is not possible that he did not feel the vibrations of the buzzer, for he is very sensitive to such things."

His indignation appeared to swell him to even greater proportions than before.

"It is an affront," he stated in a choked tone. "It is a deliberate affront. He felt the buzzer, and he knew it was I. But he did not consider me of enough importanec to trouble himself about."

Panting he sought to turn the small horse, but in a moment Ashton-Kirk was out in the road and had the animal by the head.

"I beg your pardon," said the investigator, "but it would probably be more beneficial to yourself and others, if you continued your drive and left Professor Locke to us."

Amazed beyond ability to stir, the doctor sat and stared. But finally he found his tongue.

"Bless my soul and body," exclaimed he with a great wheezing exhalation. "I scarcely understand this, sir."

"My dear doctor," said Ashton-Kirk soothingly, "it is not at all necessary that you do so. The fact is, to state it briefly, there is a trifling matter for adjustment between Professor Locke and the commonwealth."

"The commonwealth!" cried the doctor, and he shook like a great mass of gelatine.

"Nothing less. So, you see, it will be as well for you to do as I suggest." Then turning to Pendleton, Ashton-Kirk continued: "I think we had better walk the remainder of the way; otherwise we might get Locke's attention before it is advisable."

Pendleton jumped down, and without another word to Dr. Mercer, they set off toward the slate-roofed house by the roadside. However, after they had gone about 50 yards, Pendleton turned and looked back. He saw the small horse jogging away while behind it, helplessly fat and hopelessly befogged, sat Dr. Mercer, swaying dispiritedly from side to side.

As Ashton-Kirk and Pendleton advanced upon the house, they bore in mind the possibility of Locke being on the watch; so they kept out of sight as much as possible.

"It's rather odd, I think, that he hangs on here, knowing that his part in the murder of Hume must now be known," said Pendleton. "I rather expected an attempt at escape."

"That may come later," said the investigator, grimly. "The finish of a thing of this sort is always a matter for speculation. I have seen desperate criminals who surrendered like lambs; and I've seen the other sort give a platoon of police a good day's work in their taking."

"Do you think it possible that Locke is one of this latter type?"

"There is no knowing. But I am inclined to believe that he is."

Pendleton shook his head. It seemed impossible that this dapper little man with his peering, short-sighted eyes should be capable of any determined effort to escape the police when one

Many Ships but Vast Sea Spaces

FEW persons journey far at sea without reflecting on the seeming emptiness of the ocean. They know that the routes they travel are the same which are used by other vessels, and yet they find the wide horizon line void of sail or smoke, sometimes days at a stretch.

Then the statistics of sea traffic, however vague, come into mind and the wonder grows that so much business can be carried on and still leave the waters that cover almost three-quarters of the earth so nearly without evidence of the business man does in deep sea ships. Perhaps the traveler, new to the ocean, thinks that the conditions he notes must be exceptional, but he soon learns by inquiry that they are quite the natural state of things.

It may be that the passenger will then feel enough interest in the scarcity of ships in sight at any time to look up the records which show the number of good-sized business craft in the world. He will find that there are known to be more than 30,000 such vessels, not counting many big Chinese junks which often go to sea, or any of the multitude of stout fishing boats, of various kinds, which brave ocean storms and earn their keep from the salt waters, but are not classed with the merchant marine of the world.

More than 30,000 ships and yet an empty sea! It is evident, of course, that the ports hold perhaps the larger part of the world's shipping at any time. An average vessel spends more than half of the days of the year in harbors, loading or unloading or waiting for charters.

But if only 15,000 ships, or even 10,000 are at sea at the same time, what a multitude of boats that is and how far one of them can be seen in clear weather from the deck of another ship! If 10,000 vessels of average size were placed in line, bow to stern, they would make a solid wall 500 miles long.

The explanation is the immensity of the sea. Its spaces are so vast that the shipping of the world can be scattered over its surface and leave every boat far from its nearest neighbor.

Imagine the oceans all divided into squares like a huge checkerboard and one ship placed in the center of every square. Then if the squares are 20 miles on every side the distance between any two vessels, in the shortest direction, will be 20 miles and there will be nothing seen from any deck except perhaps a faint, far-off trail of smoke.

Such squares would require 400 square miles apiece, or about the area of an average Ohio county, but they would make nothing more than dots on the surface of the oceans. Not far from 140,000,000 square miles of the earth's crust is covered with salt water and in 140,000,000 square miles there is room for 350,000 squares 20 miles on a side.

It will be seen that if there were 300,000 vessels big enough to be counted in the merchant shipping of the world, instead of one-tenth of that number, the seas would still afford more than enough space to put every vessel in the center of a square containing 400 square miles. Expressed in another way, the shipping of the earth might be multiplied by ten and still it would be possible to place all of the vessels rated as business craft of sufficient bulk to be taken into account, so that no vessel could be seen from the deck of any other.

As it is, there is space enough in the sea to give every one of 30,000 ships about 4,600 square miles of salt water. Ten vessels might have an area equal to that of Ohio. Then they would be more than 65 miles from their nearest neighbor, all the way around and across the seas.

With half or more of the ships of the world always in port these spaces might be doubled for the craft actually on blue water at any time. Every vessel of 15,000 could have a space like all Massachusetts and five could take ocean enough to cover Ohio.

Even with the great bulk of the commerce of the world moving in ocean lanes, it is not strang that the sea seems comparatively empty. Ift it were not for the pathes that traffic follows, for the most part, a long voyage would hardly be enlivened by a glimpse of a sail or a plume of smoke.

Fourth of July Accidents of 1911

THE celebration of the Fourth of July this year resulted in 57 deaths as the price of the national celebration, of which 10 were caused by tetanus and 47 by fireworks. Of these 12 were burned to death, most of them being girls and little children, 11 died from gunshot wounds, nine from explosions of powder and dynamite, two from giant firecrackers, five from explosions of cannon, and eight from other forms of fireworks. There were 1,546 non-fatal injuries, making a total of killed and injured for 1911 of 1,603. These figures, startling as they are, show a gratifying reduction from previous years.

The Journal of the American Medical association, in a recent number, gives its ninth annual compilation of deaths and injuries resulting from the celebration of the Fourth of July, from which report the above figures are taken. This report also tabulates the figures for the past nine years, showing that since 1903 there have been 1,719 deaths and 37,410 injured as a result of Fourth of July accidents. Of these, 130 were completely blinded, 577 lost one eye each, 462 lost legs, arms or hands, and 1,624 lost one or more fingers. The grand total for the nine years shows that 37 regiments of American men, women and children have been mutilated for life and that nearly two regiments have been killed. This is the price that the American people have paid in nine years for our present barbarous methods of celebrating our national Independence day. Horrifying as the facts are, however, there has been a marked reduction in the number of accidents in recent years. In 1903 there were 466 killed and 3,983 injured. In 1909 the deaths numbered 215 and the injured 5,092. Last year there were 131 deaths and 2,792 injured. The figures this year are therefore lower than any time in the past decade.

Marked improvement is shown in the larger cities. In 1907 New York city reported 22 deaths, Chicago 16 and Pittsburgh 10; this year New York city had three deaths, Chicago two and Pittsburgh one. In 1907 27 cities had from one to five deaths each, while this year there were only 13 cities which reported any deaths.

The following table shows the figures for the last nine years:

Year.	Deaths.	Non-Fatal Injuries.	Total Accidents.
1903	466	3,983	4,449
1904	466	3,986	4,109
1905	182	4,994	5,176
1906	188	5,308	5,496
1907	204	4,240	4,413
1908	163	5,460	5,623
1909	215	5,092	5,307
1910	131	2,792	2,923
1911	57	1,546	1,603
Total	1,719	37,410	39,129

This summary of deaths and injuries for the past nine years is horrifying but instructive, and it is hoped that this annual report of disasters will continue to arouse the public, until the present needless loss of life is entirely done away with.

driven into a corner. However, Pendleton had ample reason to respect Ashton-Kirk's judgment; and so when the latter deemed it necessary to approach with caution, he acted accordingly.

They paused in front of the house. It was now past 10 o'clock and the sun was shining brightly; a little patch of garden, filled with early flowering plants lay between the house and the wood; all about the workshop were the tall trees which they had noticed upon their previous visit.

"We had better not use the gate," suggested the investigator. "There might be an attachment of some sort that will give him warning."

So under cover of the trees they scaled the fence; then they carefully made their way towards the shop. The windows and door of this were closed, nothing was stirring. Near the door was scattered some rubbish and loose paper. The place had an utterly deserted look.

"Do you think he is there?" asked Pendleton.

Pendleton expected Ashton-Kirk to continue his cautious approach. But to his surprise the investigator with cool assurance stepped out from behind a tree and advanced toward the outbuilding; when he reached the door he opened it and calmly stepped inside.

The building was in one great room. It had some windows at the side, but the greater part of its illumination came from a huge skylight. As he closed the door behind him, Ashton-Kirk had a vague impression of something huge, made of steel rods and with far-reaching winglike projections at the sides. But he had no time to give the mechanism even a glance; of greater interest was the small figure which sat at a wide worktable upon which a litter of drawings was scattered.

It was Locke; and as the slight jar of the closing door reached him he lifted his eyes and saw the intruder. If Ashton-Kirk expected any display of fear or other emotion, he was disappointed; upon each of his previous meetings with Locke the latter had shown great trepidation; but now he simply nodded quietly and seemed not at all surprised.

But as Ashton-Kirk made a step toward him, he rose and raised his hand in a gesture that was peremptory and unmistakable. The investigator paused; then Locke pointed to a chair directly before his bench, but some half dozen yards away; and when Ashton-Kirk smilingly seated himself, Locke did likewise.

Then in heavy characters he scrawled upon the back of one of the blue-prints.

"I was expecting a visitor, and fancied that it might be you."

This he held up so that the investigator might read it. Ashton-Kirk nodded. Again the back of a plan came into service and this time the investigator read.

"What has occurred is most unfortunate. I had no hand in it, though, of course, I do not expect anyone to believe me."

Here Ashton-Kirk drew a note book from his pocket and was about to write, but the other stopped him with a gesture. Then the man once more wrote: carefully, heavily, in order that the other might have no difficulty in reading it from the distance.

"Pardon me! But it is not necessary for you to go to any trouble. Moreover—I beg of you not to think me rude—your opinions in the matter have no interest for me."

Ashton-Kirk acknowledged this with a grave nod. The pencil was instantly at work again.

"As I have said, I expected a visitor; but I will now add that I did not expect to be here to receive him."

Ashton-Kirk looked swiftly into Locke's face as he read this; the expression was unmistakable, and the investigator leaped to his feet. But the mute uttered a strange parrot-like cry—evidently the same that Edyth heard that night in Christie Place—and Ashton-Kirk saw his hand go swiftly to a button at one side of the work-bench. Instantly the investigator paused; once more a gesture bade him be seated.

Slowly he obeyed; and once more Locke began to trace bold characters upon the stiff paper. This message read:

"You are a wise man. I had arranged everything before you came in, and had sat down to make an end of it. This button at my hand once started an electric apparatus; but now it is connected with a quantity of an explosive—my own invention, and a terrific one. Believe me, one touch and everything in this building is in fragments."

Ashton-Kirk, when he had finished reading, nodded quietly. Again the mute began to write.

"I have no ill will toward you," the words ran, "you have two minutes to leave here, and get safely away."

When he saw that this had been read, Locke threw down the paper and took out his watch. Then he pointed toward the door and sat waiting.

It was strange to see the little man sitting there calmly, with only the pressure of a finger between him and eternity. But Ashton-Kirk knew stern resolution too well to mistake the look on the mute's face. There was nothing to do but to obey. He waved his hand in a farewell. Locke returned the gesture. Then Ashton-Kirk walked to the door, opened it and stepped out.

Pendleton, patient watching among the rtees, saw him emerge and at once moved toward him; to his amazement the investigator took him by the arm and broke into a run.

"What the deuce is the matter now?" asked Pendleton, after they had passed the gate and were racing down the road.

"You'll know in a few moments," returned Ashton-Kirk grimly.

He permitted no pause until they reached the car, the engine of which had not been stopped.

"Quick, for your lives!" he ordered, as he leaped in.

Pendleton and Burgess followed instantly. The car had scarcely begun its plunge forward when a horrible rending shock staggered them. And as they sped away the debris of the deaf-mute's workshop was falling all about them.

The evening papers were glaring with the news from Cordova by the time the two friends were once more alone in Ashton-Kirk's library. Pendleton seemed to be pondering.

"I say," said he, at last, "was it Morris or Spatola who remained at Hume's the night of the murder?"

"I spoke to Spatola about that," answered Ashton-Kirk. "He said it was Morris who left first and whom Hume pursued by jeers through the open window. Morris had, according to his resolve, called at the place to demand the plans; but Hume was mad with liquor and was even worse in his manner than usual. Unable to bear it, Morris had rushed out. Spatola later made his way out by way of the scuttle and across the roof, as he frequently did.

"The thing which Spatola had carried under his coat that night was a diploma which he had received from a musical conservatory in Rome. It was in a frame and so made considerable bulk. Hume had denied that afternoon that Spatola had ever studied in this particular conservatory; frantic with rage, but knowing that he was a fool for doing it, the Italian had brought his diploma as proof.

"Morris, under the name of Crawford, occupied a room on the floor below Spatola; and as soon as the musician entered through the scuttle, he descended the stairs and went immediately to his friend's room to console and encourage him.

"Some time passed, and while they were still talking they heard a step upon the stairs leading to the attic. As no one lived there but himself, Spatola looked and in the semi-darkness saw two men descending. He called and asked who they were, and Sagon's voice replied that it was he and a friend. They had gone up to have a talk and smoke a cigar with him; but seeing that he was not in, they had come down at once. And now, as he was apparently engaged, they would not trouble him, and with that they disappeared within Sagon's room."

"Then," said Pendleton, "they had gone up through the attic, across the roofs, committed the deed, and returned while Spatola was with Morris?"

"It would seem so."

"But suppose that on reaching the attic, upon their return they had found Spatola there?"

"Sagon had calculated it all very nicely. One night a week Spatola went to play with two compatriots at their rooms; with piano, harp and violin, they gave vent to the harmony that was in them. That was the night for the trio, and Sagon knew it. But in his rage and his desire to prove his standing to Hume, Spatola had forgotten it. When he descended to Morris' rooms, the two criminals thought he had gone to make his usual visit to his friends. Sagon says he almost lost his nerve when the Italian confronted them on the stairs."

"But here's a thing I've not been able to puzzle out. According to your notion—and you may have proved it since, for all I know—Locke was not in the showroom during or after the murder. And yet it should have been he who dropped the little particle from the railroad ticket upon the desk."

"It would seem that way," admitted Ashton-Kirk, "but the fact is that Sagon visited Locke at the Institute and rode to the city with him that afternoon. The particle may be accounted for in that way."

"Yes," mused the other, "that's so. But, one thing more. I should have asked this of Morris himself if he had not been in such a confoundedly miserable way. Why did he take to hiding immediately after the murder?"

"He spent the night in his lodgings at Christie Place; next day the papers told him that he was suspected. He knew that if he appeared he'd be arrested; and as he desired to recover the plans before the murderers escaped with them, he felt that this would be fatal to his chances. Of course, I am not sure of this; but I think it more than likely."

"Speaking of taking chances on the plans," said Pendleton, "you were willing enough to take pretty long ones on them last night. Why, Sagon actually had them in his hands."

Ashton-Kirk drew a flat packet from his pocket. Opening it he showed that it contained nothing but blank paper.

"This is what Sagon found behind the portrait," said he, with a smile. "The real papers I was very careful to remove two days ago. One moment—that's the telephone."

Pendleton sat rolling a cigarette and wondering, while Ashton-Kirk took down the receiver.

"Well?" said he. Then in a moment his expression changed. "Oh, is it you? Well, how are you after your exciting experience?"

Here Pendleton dropped the completed cigarette and listened.

"You may consider yourself very fortunate to escape with a slight headache," said Ashton-Kirk. Then there was a pause, and he said, apparently in answer to a question: "Oh, yes, he's with me now. Will you speak with him?"

Pendleton arose and took a step toward the stand. But he halted as if shot when his friend continued in the transmitter:

"No?" Pause. "Oh, very well. Good-by.'

Ashton-Kirk hung up the receiver and turned to his friend.

"So," said Pendleton, in a queer sort of voice, "she doesn't wish to speak to me."

"Not over the wire—no. But she wants you to come to her—at once. She desires to hear all about what she calls the wonderful way we have handled this case, and she wants to hear it—from you." Ashton-Kirk looked at his watch. "It is now 10:45. You can get there by 11 if you rush."

"Do you call doing that little distance in 15 minutes rushing?" The young man's face was radiant and he was making for the door as he spoke. "If I don't do it in half that time, I'm a duffer."

Then the door slapped behind him, and Ashton-Kirk heard him bouncing down the stairs.

Next week The Blade will begin the publication of "Affairs of State," by Burton E. Stevenson.

Greatness Thrust Upon Her.

New York Evening Mail.

It looks as though Col. Theodore Roosevelt's little granddaughter, who was born in San Francisco the other day, were destined to rank among the fortunate ones who have greatness thrust upon them. Note the following extract from a telegram sent to the infant's mother by the "Votes-for-Women Club" of Los Angeles: "We hope your daughter will live to emulate the example of her illustrous grandfather, and some day become a candidate for the presidency of the United States."

The enterprising women who have made this early start with little Miss Roosevelt's presidential boom may be expected shortly to give out a statement explaining the young woman's views on the tariff, the judicial recall, the trust question and other public problems.

The Jews and Temperance.

Hebrew Standard.

Judaism does not make any special campaign for temperance, because the Jew as a community is temperate. His religion had a temperate life as one of its ideals.

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Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

5397—Misses' Dress.

The more simple the style for a young girl the more suitable it is sure to be for general wear, none better than the one illustrated could well be found.

The blouse is entirely plain, closing in surplice fashion in the front. Where the opening comes there is a shield which may be worn low or with the high collar provided in the pattern. The outline of the opening is trimmed with a handsome sailor collar in the newest mode.

The skirt is a five-gored design and the back may be finished in the habit style or with the reversed pleat as preferred.

Linen, pongee, cashmere, serge, gingham, etc., will all make up well in this style with embroidered banding or trimming.

The pattern, 5397, is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 4⅞ yards of 36-inch material.

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5581—Ladies' Coat.

This design illustrates one of the new wrap coats which are so much in vogue at present. The kimono shoulder is used and there is a large handsome collar. The closing is slightly double brested.

Reversible cloth, broadcloth, tweed, cheviot, cravenetted stuffs, satin and the like are appropriate materials.

The pattern, 5581, is cut in sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 4⅝ yards of 50-inch material for the full length or 3⅞ yards of 50-inch for the seven eighth length.

5327—A Twenty-Four-Inch Coat.

A stylish little jacket in the latest style is pictured in our illustration. It is cut on box lines, with seamless back and straight fronts. The closing is very low down, at the waistline, in fact, and the opening of the neck is trimmed with a handsome rolling collar. Two piece sleeves complete the garment.

This coat is suitable for broadcloth, satin, velvet and for various woolen weaves.

The pattern, 5327, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2⅛ yards of 54-inch material.

5317—Ladies' Waists.

This is really a duplex waist at it is quite complete without the drapery, the guimpe being attached and forming a real part of the waist.

The shoulder is seamless and the drapery passes from shoulder on one side to waistline on the other, while the undraped portion of the waist has a little fullness at the lower part. The yoke and long sleeves belong to the guimp and may be faced with contrasting materials if preferred.

The handsome Persian printings in silk and chiffon will make up well in this style and also messaline and other soft fabrics.

The pattern, 5317, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 1 yard of 44-inch chiffon for waist and 1¾ yards of 36-inch messaline for drapery.

5582—Child's One-Piece Dress.

In this one-piece dress we have a novel model. It is made without underarm seam, being buttoned at this point. There is a separate guimpe which may be of white wash material, while the frock itself is of serge, cashmere or other soft woolen goods.

The pattern, 5582, is cut in sizes 2 to 8 years. Medium size requires 1½ yards of 44-inch material for the dress, 1¼ yards of 27-inch for the guimpe and ⅝ of a yard of 27-inch contrasting fa'ric to trim.

5584—Boys' Blouse.

The plain blouse always looks well on boys and it always meets with their approval. The design shown herewith is a standard one, good at all times. It has a band closing and a small box pleat at each side in front, while a shallow yoke crosses the shoulders in the back.

Cambric, calico, madras, flannel, serge, etc., are used for making this style blouse.

The pattern, 5584, is cut in sizes 4 to 10 years. Medium size requires 2½ yards of 27-inch material.

5672—Stylish Waist.

A pretty check gingham with a mercerized finish was used in making the waist illustrated. The back is perfectly plain, but the front has a deep tuck at each shoulder to supply the needed fullness. The closing is effected by means of a band down the center of the front and in this are worked eyelets for studs or buttons and buttonholes are placed there. The plain shirt sleeve is slightly gathered at the shoulder and is finished at the wrist with a plain cuff.

The pattern, 4672, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size will require 3⅝ yards of material 36 inches wide.

5567—Misses' Waist.

This waist will be excellent for school wear and it has the advantage of closing in the front. The large collar may be of the waist material or of embroidery or a second collar of the lawn and lace, cut by the same pattern might be basted over it.

French flannel, challis, cashmere and figured silks will make up prettily in this style.

The pattern, 5567, is uct in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 27-inch material, with ½-yard of 27-inch contrasting fabric and 2¾ yards of insertion.

5289—Child's Dress.

This pretty little frock has tucks at the shoulders of the waist in both front and back at the neck, which is cut round, there is a little yoke, outlined by a frill. The sleeves are of the leg o'mutton variety and may extend to the wrist or be cut off below the elbow as shown in the illustration.

The skirt has a small panel in front from which the balance of the skirt continues in pleats to the centre of the back.

A plain serge, trimmed with plaid or striped silk would make a very useful frock, or a bright plaid might be trimmed with plain silk.

The pattern, 5289, is cut in sizes 4 to 12 years. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 44 inch material, with ⅝ of a yard of 24 inch contrasting goods to trim.

4325—Boys' Dress.

Any modification of the Russian suit is sure to be accentable and the illustration shows a variation which is very pretty.

The dress has a deep tuck at each shoulder in both front and back, these forming a panel effect between them. The closing of the suit is in the center of the front, and there is a small shield and standing collar at the neck. The sleeves have a little fullness gathered into the armhole and arranged in tucks at the wrists.

These suits are made of flannel, serge galatea, pique and the like. Braid is the best trimming.

The pattern, 4325, is cut in sizes 2 and 4 years. The 4 years' size requires 2 yards of 44-inch material.

5579—Four Gore Empire Skirt.

This smart skirt gives us the panel front and back and the circular sides, with a band trimming at the lower edge. This band may be omitted.

Such materials as the new soft finish taffetas, satin broadcloth, cheviot and the taller cloths are suitable for this skirt.

The pattern, 5579, is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 3½ yards of 50 inch material.

5591—Ladies' Two Piece Skirt.

The two piece skirt is best adapted to wide materials such as broadcloth, the new taffetas and veiveteen which come 45 inches in width and other tailor fabrics of soft, lustrous finish.

The model illustrated is fitted by darts and has a very small pleat underturned at each side seam.

The pattern, 5591, is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 2⅝ yards of 50 inch material.

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The Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible:

Will some reader of these columns tell me how to can mushrooms or to make catsup from them?—S., Charlottesville, Va.

TROUBLE WITH DUCKS

A., Middleport, N. Y.—The trouble with your ducks is that you feed them corn meal. They should not be fed corn meal, whole corn or cracked corn, but give them soaked bread, sour milk and cheese instead. There must be no dry food given them while they are small. After they have grown dry food is all right for them. I have had some experience in raising ducks and never lost one on account of feeding.—Y., South Glen's Falls, N. Y.

FALL CHICKENS

The chief losses from hatching with hens are brought about by lice and the interference of other hens. The setting of hens in the chicken house makes these troubles greater.

A sitting hen should be thoroughly dusted when put on the nest and several times afterwards. The last dusting should be given before the chicks are hatched. On most farms there is a shed or building away from the chicken house that may be used for sitting hens.

Boxes might be placed in a yard and a run made in front of the box out of 12-inch boards set on edge and covered with lath or wire netting. At night the sitting hen should be transferred to the new nest, which should be kept in the dark for 24 hours. She should not be carried away by the legs or wings with the head hanging down, but with her breast resting on the palm of the hand.

A hen that is permitted to roam at will usually selects a secluded hollow spot of ground for her nest. A few dry leaves or straws are scratched into the hollow and the nest is completed. From such a nest usually comes a full hatch of healthy hardy chicks.

If we imitate the hen's methods, we will secure good results. If boxes are used they should be of such size that when the hen steps into the nest she can easily push the eggs aside and not break them. The boxes should be placed on their sides with a lath three or four inches high nailed on the front to keep the eggs and nest from working out from under the hen.

When large numbers of chickens are to be hatched, or when non-sitting varieties of fowls are kept, the artificial method of hatching is the more practical. There are many good incubators on the market, some heated with water and others with hot air. In the majority of cases, more depends upon the operator than upon the incubator, although the following are necessary:

(1) The heating system should be under a perfect regulation, to keep the eggs at a regular and proper temperature. (2) The amount of moisture in the air chamber should be carefully regulated. (3) The ventilating system should be easily adjusted.

To produce these conditions, first-class material, good construction, insulated walls, doors that fit neatly, and a good lamp are necessary. The incubator should stand firm and level in a room that is not subjected to great extremes of temperature.

Fill the lamp daily with good oil and keep it well trimmed. Do not let the temperature of the eggs rise above 102 degrees during the first week. The last week's temperature may be 103, and after the eggs are pipped, it may be 104 degrees without bad results.

Let the eggs remain without turning for three days, but after the third or fourth day reverse the trays and turn the eggs once or twice each day. Cool the eggs every morning. Test the eggs by the seventh day and again by the 15th. Supply extra moisture, when needed, by placing water trays or wet sponges within the air chamber. Especially should this be done the first few days and the last two days. If the air space in the egg is very large, moisture should be supplied. If quite small, additional moisture will not be needed.

To grow chicks in brooders is usually more difficult than to hatch eggs in incubators. There are many good brooders on the market, but care should be used to see that they have an even temperature. During the first week, the temperature should be from 90 to 95 degrees. It might be greatly lowered after the first week. If the chicks crowd around the heater, usually more heat is needed; if they lie breathing hard at the outer edge, too much heat is supplied. Good ventilation and carefulness are as essential as the proper temperature.

Chicks should not be fed for at least 36 hours after hatching. Nature has provided the yolk of the egg as food for this period.

At first they should be given clean water, fine grit or sharp sand. Dry bread crumbs, fine ground oats, or bread soaked in sweet milk and then squeezed dry, may next be fed. The commercial chick feed may be used with good results for several weeks. This may be followed by a variety of ground grains, bran, meat scraps and green feeds.—C. R. Titlow in Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

IMMATURE CORN

When siloing the short, immature corn, it is best to let it stand until nearly dry before putting it into the silo; that is, the leaves should be nearly dry, but the stalk should be filed with sap. If the corn is put into the silo when in a very green and sappy condition the silage will get very sour before it is fed out. Silage will not make as good feed or be as palatable to the stock if it is allowed to become too sour. If the present corn crop is not sufficient to fill the silo, one can plant flaffr, milo or 90-day corn, and provided that we get any rain at all, these crops will mature for silage before frost. Corn or kafir can be listed in fields that have been in wheat or oats, and if sufficient rain falls to germinate the seeds silo crops can almost be insured.

CARE OF THE CALF

So much of the usefulness of the cow depends upon the care she gets when a calf, that one should give her the best corn when young. The calf should be allowed to take the milk from the cow for the first three days. After three days we put it in a clean well bedded stable, airy and well lighted, where flies are not too bad. For the first two weeks we give it about two quarts of sweet milk from cow three times a day. At the end of two weeks we start adding separator milk, increasing the amount and decreasing the amount of whole milk until at the end of three weeks it gets all separator milk. As soon as it starts to eat, place before it some bright clover or alfalfa hay; also start feeding grain by putting some oats in its mouth when through drinking. When it has learned to eat grain feed a mixture of oats, bran and a small amount of corn meal. Our aim should be to keep it in a thrifty condition, but not to fatten it. Keep it in a stabled during the first summer, especially during fly time, as a calf makes very little gain on a pasture, especially if bothered with flies.—A. H. Kerbel, Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

A GOOD DISINFECTANT

In its pure state, charcoal is one of the greatest disinfectants for the digestive organs known. It is found very beneficial in correcting troubles caused by irregular feeding. It is not an uncommon occurrence when there is quite a large number of fowls kept to frequently have one become suddenly ill and die without any apparent cause. Charcoal kept constantly before the hens has a great influence in preventing losses in this through neglect of the owner, have taken cold and this has run into croup, charcoal will not effect a cure, neither will it cure other contagious diseases, but its continued use will put the hens in that condition in which they are less apt to become subjects of these diseases, which occasionally run through an entire flock. The loss of a single hen once in two or three months by some disease is not of so great account, but where one is lost in this way you can make up your mind that there are others that are not in the condition in which they should be to be profitable. Charcoal is very effective in preventing indigestion, which is a common ailment among poultry of all kinds and of all ages, and, as is very well known by all who are in the business, indigestion is one of the forerunners of poultry diseases.

BEST WHEAT VARIETIES

Next to the preparation of an ideal seed bed, the kind of seed to plant is the most important consideration in obtaining a perfect stand and maximum yield of wheat. It matters not how much attention is given to seed bed preparation, unless similar care is exercised in the selection of the seed the largest possible yields cannot be produced.

During the last 10 years thousands of varieties of wheat brought together from all parts of the world have been tried out in comparison with one another on the agronomy farm at the Kansas State Agricultural college at Manhattan, and at the various outlying sub-stations over the state. The results from these comparative tests show conclusively that the hard red winter sorts, to which class Turkey Red and Kharkof belong, are the most ideally adapted to our conditions. Invariably these varieties have outyielded all others, except in the extreme eastern tier of counties where more semi-humid conditions prevail. In this area the soft red winter sorts, such as Zimmerman, Fultz, Currel, etc., seem the best adapted.

The hard red winter varieties came to us from Russia, where they have been grown for ages under conditions similar to our own. Since their arrival here an endeavor has been made, and with a great deal of success, further to improve them for our conditions in both yield and quality. As a result of all the work done in the last 10 years in breeding and distributing strains of this group of wheats, we now have varieties excellently suited to our conditions.

We therefore recommend that every farmer suitably situated to grow hard red winter wheat get his seed from within the state and as near home as possible, provided it can be obtained of good breeding and free from mixture with other varieties.

Not only is it necessary to use seed of an adapted variety, but it is as important that it be pure, unmixed with other kinds of wheat or other kinds of grain, such as oats, barley, rye, etc., or weed seeds. Only seed that will grow and produce strong plants is fit to sow; yet at least 20 per cent of the 5,000,000 or more bushels used for seed every year in Kansas consists of cracked, immature or injured kernels that will not grow. This condition is a result of the general lack of appreciation on the part of the farmer of the benefits to be derived from the use of the fanning mill or grain grader in the preparation of seed wheat for planting. The common practice among our farmers is to plant seed in the condition which it came from the thresher, notwithstanding the fact that they realize that such seed always contains a large percentage of damaged grains and weed seeds.—W. M. Jardine, Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

TIME TO THRESH

The Minnesota station has devoted a great deal of study to the question of when to thresh. O. M. Olsar, of that station writes:

"The last sheaf of the harvest is hardly in shock before a number of farmers are anxious to thresh, and seldom a season passes that some farmer in the community doesn't find himself in a quandary to know when is the best time to thresh.

"There are many things that may be said both for and against shock threshing and stack threshing; and, in deciding what to do, the farmer must be guided largely by his particular case and the conditions to be met.

"Shock threshing appeals to many farmers, from the fact that when it is over, there is nothing to hinder taking up the general fall work and hastening its completion without delay. Others are favorable to stack threshing, but had variable success in getting their grain well stacked in previous seasons they are inclined to favor shock threshing.

Stack threshing may appear a trifle more expensive than shock threshing, but it has in return several things which commend it to the small farmer, or to the farmer who is following diversified farming. Stack threshed grain will usually bring a premium of 1 to 2 cents per bushel over the average of shock threshed grain, because, of its better color and weight. The threshing usually takes place after many of the fall rains are over, and as a consequence the straw is saved in much better shape, and is far more useful for feeding.

"Experience has shown that the chances of waste and damage are more numerous with shock threshing than with stack threshing, and as all cannot be first in shock threshing it is well not to forget how to build a good grain stack."

FATTENING GEESE

Dressed geese are largely in demand in the cities during the Jewish holiday period of the fall months, but choice birds will bring good prices the entire year. Do not offer old stock, however, as they are not desired by the purchasers and are more suitable to their owners as breeders. There is no advantage in selling off the old stock of geese, as they live many years, and the other birds are generally best for breeding purposes, and the young ones bring better prices in the market.

Do not proceed to fatten the geese suddenly, but confine gradually. Allow several in a small yard, which should be kept clean and somewhat darkened.

Corn meal and milk, with beef scraps, wheat and brewers' grains fatten well.

A mash composed of four parts corn-meal, one part wheat bran, one part middlings and one part beef scraps, is a very good ration. Wet just enough to have it in a dry, crumbly state, and feed all they will eat up clean three times a day.

Do not give them green food while fattening. They should be kept away from bathing water during this period, but plenty of water for drinking purposes should be kept in their pen. Also keep a good supply of grit before them. Fast for twenty-four hours before killing.

Goslings may be put up to fatten when 8 to 10 weeks old. After they are twelve weeks old they will begin to shed and will fatten readily then until the end of the season. Previous to being confined they should have a good range where grass is plentiful, and it will then require but a few days to get them ready for killing.

INFECTION OF SWINE

If a disease of swine occurs in the neighborhood keep away from these farms and do not allow any one who has been on an infected farm to visit your herd. If your swine have access to a stream of running water and disease appears on a farm located above yours, on the same stream, remove your hogs at once, as the infection is liable to be carried by the stream. Dogs and buzzards, also, are liable to carry the infection of hog cholera and should be kept away if possible. Such measures are simple, but they are very important.

GREEN PASTURES

Grass becomes less palatable to stock as it matures and forms seed. In order to maintain a fresh, vigorous growth, tame-grass pastures should be mowed before the seedheads mature. It is advisable also to mow permanent pastures once or twice a year to prevent the seeding of weeds and to destroy buck brush or other plants that are likely to start in places where grass has become thin. Grasses in permanent pastures or meadows require more care than those that are grown in rotation with other crops. It is advisable to reseed permanent pastures occasionally. They must also be fertilized with manure or chemical fertilizers in order to maintain their productiveness. Occasionally it is advisable to cultivate such grass lands by disking and harrowing early in the spring. The reseeding and manuring should come preferably at the time of cultivation.

TO CANDLE EGGS

Any person can make a candling outfit easily and cheaply. A cylinder of tin large enough to fit over a kerosene lamp or lantern or a piece of ordinary stove pipe is sufficient. This should have a hole cut in it about the size of a silver dollar, cut so as to stand opposite the flame of the lamp or lantern. The candling can be done in ordinary light, but better work can be done in a dark or semi-dark room. As a general rule if the eggs show clear, or in other words, if you can see through them, it is good. If it contains one or more dark spots, dark lines or dark rings, it is bad, and should be thrown away. If it is several days old, and has an air space at one end, it is not bad, but can be sold. The produce dealers receive the eggs as seconds. If you cannot see through the eggs they are bad and should be thrown out. Some perfectly fresh eggs may show dark lines or rings. These are caused by unhealthy hens and egg is not good.—Bert Cohn in Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

TO KILL GRASSHOPPERS

To secure immunity from attack from grasshoppers next year, the eggs should be destroyed this fall or early next spring. These are usually laid in compact ground, especially along roadsides, and in the uncultivated borders of fields. Fall plowing to a depth of eight or nine inches will effectually prevent any of the young hoppers from reaching the surface when they hatch in the spring. Thoroughly harrowing infested land late fall, so the surface is torn up to the depth of an inch or two, will break open most of the egg nests and prevent hatching. Disking the land in early spring before hatching time will accomplish the same purpose. The insects hatch from about the middle of April until the middle of May, depending on the latitude and on the forwardness or backwardness of the season.

PICKING APPLES

The time for picking red apples is commonly gauged by their color, as that of yellow apples by the color of the seeds. The latter is the only reliable test of ripeness, for an apple picked just as the seeds are turning light brown, and before they become dark around the edges, will be found to have not only full flavor, but the best keeping quality. But red apples are often left for some time after the seeds indicate maturity, to allow them to put on more color, which they do rapidly under the influence of the bright days and cool nights of autumn.

Growers should bear in mind, however, that to defer picking after the seeds indicate ripeness, invites waste, core and shortens the life of the fruit in storage, often to a serious extent with the mid-winter varieties.

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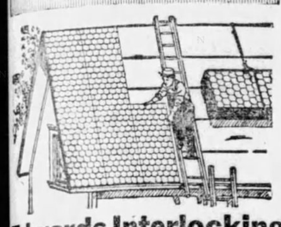

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For the first time in years, this good lady, who has been deaf, hears the church bells. She is in ecstacy. Only this morning has she been able to hear the prattle of her grandchildren and the voice of her daughter. Twenty-three years ago she first found herself becoming deaf and, despite numerous remedies, medical advice, hearing devices and specialists' treatments, she found it more and more difficult to hear. Of late years she was harrassed by peculiar noises in the head, which added to her misery. At last she was told of a book which explains how to regain perfect hearing without costly apparatus or drugs. She got this book and learned how to quickly become freed from the deafness and head-noises. Obviously her delight in this hypothetical illustration! Any reader of Blade who desires to obtain one of these books can do so free of cost by merely writing to the author, Dr. George E. Conant, 175 A, Station E, New York, N. Y. He will be pleased to mail it promptly, postpaid, to anyone whose hearing is not good. This offer will bring joy to many homes.

QUESTION BUREAU

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EUGENE FIELD

Will you please give a sketch of the life of Eugene Field in the columns of The Blade. C. M. B., Ballantine, Mont.

Eugene Field, the author, was born September 2, 1850, and died November 4, 1895. As his mother died when he was very young, he was placed in the care of a relative at an early age. He disliked mathematics, his favorite study being Latin. His father died before he left college and his guardian caused him to remove from Williams college to Knox college. He finished his course in the University of Missouri in 1871. He then went to Europe for six months and when he returned took up newspaper work. In 1889 he went to Europe again with his family and spent one eyar. There he had a large number of acquaintances among the literary people and received many flattering attentions for his ability as a literary man had been demonstrated in his work on the various newspapers of this country. He wrote a great many verses for and about children. These verses are exceptionally good and his reputation could have been made by them alone.

COLLEGES OF OHIO

Please give a list of the colleges of Ohio and tell with what denomination they are connected.—A. P. Trinway, O.

The colleges of Ohio and their denominations are: Antioch college, Yellow Springs, non-sectarian; Ashland college, Ashland, United Brethren; Baldwin University, Berea, Methodist Episcopal; Buchtel college, Akron, non-sectarian; Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland, non-sectarian; Cedarville college, Cedarville, Reformed Presbyterian; Defiance college, Defiance, Christian; Denison University, Granville, Baptist; Findlay college, Findlay, Church of God; Franklin college, New Athens, non-sectarian; Heidelburg University, Tiffin, Reformed in United States; Hiram college, Hiram, non-sectarian; Kenyon college, Gambier, Protestant Episcopal; Lake Erie college, Painesville, non-sectarian; Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, Presbyterian; Lebanon college, Lebanon, non-sectarian; Marietta college, Marietta, non-sectarian; Miami University, Oxford, non-sectarian; Mt. Union college, Alliance, Methodist; Oberlin college, Oberlin, non-sectarian; Ohio Northern University, Ada, Methodist Episcopal; Ohio State University, Columbus, non-sectarian; Ohio University, Athens, undenominational; Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Methodist Episcopal; Otterbein University, Westerville, United Brethren; Rio Grande college, Rio Grande, Free Baptist; Scio college, Scio, Methodist Episcopal; University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, non-sectarian; University of Wooster, Wooster, Presbyterian; Urbana University, Urbana, New Jerusalem; Western Reserve University, Cleveland, non-sectarian,; Western College for Women, Oxford, non-sectarian; West Lafayette college, West Lafayette, Methodist Protestant; Wilberforce University, Wilberforce, Methodist Episcopal; Wilmington college, Wilmington, Friends; Wittenberg college, Springfield, Lutheran.

ANTHONY WAYNE

Will you please give a sketch of the life of Anthony Wayne?—H. S., Four Oaks, N. C.

Anthony Wayne, the American soldier, was born January 1, 1745, and died December 15, 1809. When 18 years of age he became a land surveyor. He married and settled to farming in 1767. In 1774 Wayne was elected to the legislature, served on the committee of safety and in 1775 raised a regiment, with which he took part in the campaign against Canada. He fought with distinction, having great success in the campaign. It was he who stormed Stony Point in 1779, achieving one of the most brilliant of American victories. For this he received a gold medal and the thanks of congress. He became a popular hero, and his name of "Mad Anthony" was as much a tribute to his energy and valor as it was a detonation of his recklessness in action. Some of his military successes were his rescue of Lafayette in Virginia in 1782, his daring attack on the whole British army at Green Spring, and his defeat of the British and Indians in Georgia. He was made a brevet major-general in 1783, retired from the army in 1784, becoming a member of the Pennsylvania legislature. He later settled on a Georgia plantation and was elected to congress from Georgia in 1791, only to have his seat declared vacant in a contest the following year. He was made commander-in-chief of the American army, with the rank of major-general, in 1792. In 1793 he took the field against the Indians in Ohio, defeating them at Fallen Timbers, forcing them to concede the treaty of Greenville in 1795, which gave a large tract of territory to the United States. His death occurred while he was engaged in completing this service.

EXPLORATION IN AFRICA

Will you please tell me what has been done by way of exploration in Africa since the time of Henry M. Stanley and whether the true source of the Nile has been discovered.—R. E. S., Clendenin, W. Va.

Since 1883 the exploration of Africa has been carried out by a multitude of explorers. In the north the French have pushed south from Algeria. Dr. Junker devoted several years to exploring the country between the basin of the Nile and the Congo. Since the British occupation of Uganda, Col. Lugard and many other officers have mapped the country between the coasts and the lakes, Uganda itself and the country to the west. Italian and British explorers have added to our knowledge of Abyssinia and of the desert between the Nile and the Red Sea. Lakes Rudolph and Stefame have been discovered by Count Leleki and Lieut. Von Hohnel from the south, while others have explored Somaliland and ascertained that the Onio flows into Lake Rudolph. In 1894 Count Gotzen crossed from east to west, discovered Lake Kiva and a lofty active volcano near its shores. Many other Germans have been busy in German East Africa, while in British Central Africa Johnston, Sharpe, Joseph Thompson and others have filled in many blanks, and British naval officers have charted Lake Myassa. The officials of the Congo Free State have laid open the course of the numerous rivers that feed the main stream. Under the auspices of the Royal Niger Co., Joseph Thompson and others further explored the Niger; while the Benne and its tributaries and the German sphere in the south have been actively explored by French, British and German travelers. All these three nationalities have been busy in the vast area between the Guinea coast and the great bend of the Niger. Prominent among them was Binger, who contributed more than any single individual to our knowledge of this region. French expeditions have crossed from the Congo to the Nile, and all the river systems are now mapped in their main features. It may be said that the pioneer exploration of Africa has been completed, the most important blank being the region lying between Somaliland and the upper Nile. The Nile is now known to receive its waters primarily from the country drained by the great lakes, the Victoria Nyanza, the Albert Nyanza and the Albert Edward Nyanza, and especially from the Victoria Nyanza, which itself receives numerous streams.

CARNEGIE HERO FUND

Please tell something about the Carnegie hero fund and who looks after it.—S. S. P., Bolivar, Mo.

In April, 1904, Andrew Carnegie created a fund of $5,000,000 for the benefit of the dependents of those losing their lives in efforts to save their fellowmen, or for the heroes themselves if only injured. Provision was also made for the awarding of medals to those who did heroic acts. The endowment was placed in hands of a commission of 21 persons, all residents of Pittsburgh, Pa. Charles L. Taylor is president and F. M. Wilmot secretary and manager of the fund. Mr. Carnegie outlined the scheme for the fund in a letter to the commission. It was as follows: To place those following peaceful vocations who have been injured in heroic effort to save human life, in somewhat better positions pecuniarily than before, until able to work again. In case of death, the widow and children or other dependents are to be provided for until they reach a self-supporting age. For exceptional children, exceptional grants may be made for exceptional education. Grants of sums of money may be also made to heroes or heroines as the commission thinks advisable—each case to be judged by its merits."

The fund applies only to acts performed in the United States, the Dominion of Canada, the colony of Newfoundland and the waters thereof, and such must have been performed on or after April 15, 1904. Address all communications to the secretary.

JOHN WHITEAKER

Please give in the Question Bureau a short sketch of the life of John Whiteaker, the first governor of Oregon.—A. C. M., Syracuse, N. Y.

John Whiteaker, the first state governor of Oregon, was born in Indiana, May 4, 1820. He assisted his father on his Indiana farm until he was old enough to learn the carpenter's trade, when he became an apprentice. In 1849, when gold was discovered in California, Whiteaker followed the footsteps of many others and went west to make his fortune. Two years later he returned east for his family, which he took to Oregon with him in 1852. He settled in Lane county and engaged in farming. Because of his character and intellect he became powerful in public affairs, and before he had resided many years in the territory he was a candidate for public office. In 1855 he was elected county judge of probate, and two years later a representative in the territorial legislature. In the election in 1858 Whiteaker run for governor on the Democratic ticket and was elected by a large majority. The territory was admitted to the union the following year. He served a term of four years. In 1866 he was elected to the state senate, and to the lower house of the legislature in 1868 and 1870, being chosen speaker in the second term. He held several state offices after that, being elected to the senate again in 1876. Two years later he was elected a representative in the forty-sixth congress. After leaving official life Whiteaker returned to farming.

JOHN GILPIN'S RIDE

Please give a narrative of John Gilpin's ride, according to the poem as written by Cowper.—C. L. J., Swanton, O

John Gilpin, his wife and three children lived in London. On the twentieth anniversary of their wedding his wife remarked that they should enjoy a holiday, having failed to do so in their entire married life. They intended to go to Edmonton in a chaise. However, the latter vehicle could only accommodate six persons, and as John's wife, children, sister and sister's child were going, some other means must serve to convey Gilpin, so he decided to borrow a friend's horse and follow the chaise.

All was ready on the appointed day and the chaise was safely off. But when Gilpin was about to mount the horse three customers came to the door of his shop in order to buy something. Not wishing to lose any money Gilpin attended to their wants. Notice was then brought to the fact that Mistress Gilpin had forgotten to take the wine along and John was obliged to sling the bottles in his belt. He then mounted and was soon on his journey in an endeavor to catch up with the rest of the family. Finding that the road was smooth the horse began at first to trot and then to gallop. In his fright Gilpin grasped the horse's mane and both bottles of wine, with his wig and hat, were lost in the wild gallop. Everyone who saw the journey thought that he was running a race for a wager, and instead of trying to stop the horse cleared the road to make way for it. At Edmonton his wife saw him and called to him to stop, but the horse was on the road to his master's home, only 10 miles away at Ware. When he reached his friend's house the horse stopped and its master came out astonished to see Gilpin in such a condition. The former gladly offered to lend the latter a wig and a hat, also inviting him to stop and dine. But Gilpin refused, saying that he must meet his wife at Edmonton. When almost ready to start the horse became frightened at the bray of an ass and galloped off with all his might.

In the meantime Mistress Gilpin had sent a postboy after her husband. The youth met him as the horse came tearing back toward Edmonton. Failing to stop him the boy raced at his heels. They met six gentlemen who saw Gilpin with the boy pursuing him and thought a thief was trying to escape. They immediately gave chase, thinking that Gilpin was a thief. On and on they rode until they reached town and Gilpin managed to stop at the place from where he had started early in the morning.

TANNING SKINS

I would like to have the question Bureau give a recipe for tanning skins.—J. B., Hersey, Mich.

An excellent plan for tanning any kind of skins with the fur on is to proceed as follows: Cut off all the useless parts, soak the skin in order to soften it, then remove the fatty matter from the inside and soak the skin in warm water for an hour. Next mix equal parts of borax, saltpetre and glauber salts (sulphate of soda), in the proportion of about one-half ounce of each for each skin, with sufficient water to make a thin paste. Spread this mixture with a brush over the inside of the skin, applying more on the thicker parts than on the thinner; double the skin together, flesh side inward, and place in a cool place. After standing 24 hours, wash the skin clean and apply in the same manner as before a mixture of one ounce of salsoda, one-fourth ounce of borax and two ounces of hard white soap, melted slowly together without being allowed to boil, fold together again and put away in a warm place for 24 hours. After this, dissolve four ounces alum, eight ounces salt and two ounces saleratus, in sufficient hot rainwater to saturate the skin; when cool enough not to scald the hands, soak the skin in it for 12 hours; then wring it out and hang it up to dry. When dry repeat this soaking the skin is sufficiently soft. Lastly ing and drying two or three times, till smooth the inside with fine sandpaper and pumice stone.

OPIUM

Please tell what you can about the preparation and usage of opium.—E. S., Brandonville, W. Va.

Opium is a medicinal drug, the juice of the capsule of the white poppy. The medicinal qualities were known in early times, and an extract called meconion was employed; this was less active than that obtained from the capsules only, which was called opus, the juice, from which we derive the name opium. It is probable that the collection of opium began in Asia Minor and gradually extended to other countries. In the various countries the method of collecting opium was generally the same, although differing in detail. The opium poppy is an annual requiring a rich soil, and its time of sowing depends upon the requirements of the climate. A few days after the petals fall, the young capsules, then about 1¼ inches in diameter, are scarified, which is done with a long bladed knife. Much skill is required to make the incision the exact depth, as if made through the wall the juice would escape into the cavity and be lost. The scarifying is done in the afternoon, and the next morning the exuded juice is scraped off with a knife and placed in a leaf held in the hand. When enough of the half-dried juice is collected to make a package varying from two ounces to two pounds it is wrapped in poppy leaves and placed where it will dry. The opium in this condition is purchased by buyers, who travel from one village to another and purchase it in small lots, who work it over themselves or put it in cotton bags and take it to Smyrna for inspection and final working. This is known to commerce as Smyrna or Turkish opium, and is most esteemed in this country and Europe. It comes in tin cans, soldered tight and encased in wooden cases; each contains about 140 pounds in lumps, varying from a few ounces to several pounds. Good opium has a narcotic flavor, to many people offensive. It has a reddish brown color. The use of opium as an habitual stimulant produces exhilaration, or pleasant flights of fancy or dreams. It is a vice less easy of detection than the use of alcoholic spirits, its evil effects are most noticeable on the nervous and digestive system. Among the symptoms may be mentioned loss of appetite, vomiting, pain in the stomach, constipation alternating with diarrhea, loss of strength, a trembling gait, etc. The use of opium by smoking and mastication to produce a sort of intoxication has been in use for many centuries.

FLORIDA CLIMATE

I would like to have you tell me something of the climate of the state of Florida.—C. M. E., Galesburg, Ill.

The soil of Florida is sandy and in the southern and eastern parts of the state there are many lakes and bayous, making the region full of swamps. There are no prolonged and severe winters in Florida and also no great ranges of temperature. The dry season is in the fall and winter, when the rainfall ranges from 6 to 8 inches. In the summer it ranges from 18 to 20 inches. The normal mean temperature for January is from 60 to 70 degrees, and in July 80 degrees and above. The hottest months, June July and August, have their greatest heat tempered by frequent showers.

MISCELLANEOUS

B. M. Carroll, Wyo.—Ashton-Kirk is a fictitious character.

W. E. S., National Military Home, Ohio.—There is a law prohibiting the marriage of first cousins in Ohio.

W. E. G., Mowrystown, Ohio.—Write to the Congressman of your district for the paper you wish.

T. G. S., Phillips, Wis.—After Gladstone became prime minister, in 1868 he disestablished and disendowed the state church in Ireland.

Mrs. W. S., Ontario, N. Y.—The population of the United States, including Alaska and Hawaii, is 91,972,267.

R. R. Coggon, Iowa.—The Bureau has no means of gathering the information you want. There are no accessible statistics on the subject.

C. F. Nelsonville, Ohio.—The road maps of the U. S. Geological Survey can be obtained by writing to the Director of the U. S. Geological Survey, Washington, D. C.

D. L., Coldwater, Mich.—If you want to know with what church denomination Henry W. Longfellow was affiliated we are unable to tell you. If he belonged to any, his biographers have not thought it of sufficient consequence to give the name. That he was a Christian gentleman goes without saying. His great love of nature and the Creator is manifest in his works.

When Clergymen Get to Joking

HOLY men have considered humor to have a high place in the ethics of life," says the Ecclesiastical Review, which is only another way of stating the well known fact that most clergymen, of whatever faith, like a joke as well as the next man.

There was Nicholas Burke, for instance, better known as Father Thomas Burke, the great Irish patriot and preacher. Father Tom had a great fondness for riding on the top of an omnibus. Once when doing so after a long service in Dublin he produced his breviary and was soon deep in its contents. A well known evangelical sitting near by took upon himself to comment upon the act.

"The Lord tells us," he said, "that when we pray we should not be as the hypocrites, who love to pray in public and at the corners of streets, that they may be seen by men. Now," he added, "when I pray I enter into my closet and when I have shut the door I pray in secret."

Without looking up, Father Burke replied aloud, "Yes, and then you get on the top of an omnibus and tell every one all about it."

This incident recalls an episode in the career of Vicar-General, afterward Cardinal MacCabe, who disapproved of priests riding on top of a bus as undignified. Having seen Father Dan O'Keefe of St. Paul's traveling outside one of the aforenamed vehicles he addressed to him a brief note: "Dear Keefe, I have seen you on top of a bus! Get on the inside in future."

Father O'Keefe, described as a rough diamond, replied by return mail: "Dear Cabe, I have often seen you on the top of a horse. Get thee henceforth inside the animal."

Once when Father Burke was going to Cork he met in a crowded railway carriage a man who, repeatedly slipping his hand into an inside pocket of his coat and drawing out a bottle, went on drinking drams, which made the father fear that he might soon become unpleasant company.

The next time the man took out the bottle Father Tom dryly remarked: "Your mother must have died very early, sir?" The man gazed at him in surprise. The priest continued: "It is quite plain you were brought up by the bottle." As all present laughed the man, feeling ashamed, put the bottle by and left it undisturbed.

A convert lady who hoped that he would write her in the style and length of his sermons, inquired of him what she should do to become truly religious. The reply, short and good, was: "Be as humble as a door mat and as pliable as a plate of porridge."

Once Father James Healy was asked how he would describe a Scotsman, and in answer, assuming as he spoke the Scot's accent, said: "A Scot is a mon wha keeps the Sawbath and everything else that he can git."

ate man, on one occasion ordered a humorous cabman at Bray, known to indulge in an occasional drop, to call for him after dinner at the house of a friend. On the jarvey's arrival Father Healy was grieved to notice that he was not quite sober. "Drunk again, Peter," muttered the priest. "Well, to tell yer the truth, yer reverence, I'm a little that way myself."

A barber once in shaving the father had a very trembling hand. "There now," exclaimed Father Healy, "you have cut me! Oh, whisky, whisky!" he wound up by way of lamenting the source of the barber's unsteadiness.

"Yes, yer riverence," replied the barber promptly, "It do make the skin tender, don't it?"

A good many witty sayings are put Father Healy, a thoroughly temperdown to the credit of the Anglican clergy, too. A workingman once asked Bishop Wilberforce to tell him the road to heaven.

"Take the first turn to the right and keep straight on," was the ready and apt reply.

A Lutheran refrain, "The devil is dead," was once being chanted by two Oxford undergraduates as they lounged about the hall of Cuddesdon palace. Gently walking up to them the bishop placed his hand one each head, saying: "Alas! poor orphans."

Bishop Stubbs had a great objection to the complaints which squires and church wardens brought him about hard working clergy whose ritualistic practices gave offence to the former. On one occasion a layman having described the observances of his vicar, added. "Why, my lord, before he begins his sermon he actually kisses his stole." "Well, well, Mr. ——, perhaps that is better than if he stole his kiss."

A clergyman once applied to the bishop for permission to go to the Holy Land for three months. The answer came: "My dear ——, go to Jericho! Yours ever, W. Oxon."

Although reputed a High Churchman Bishop Stubbs did not care much for vestments, and when some ladies wished to embroider him a cope he was heard to say he would rather have half a dozen new shirts. One day the organ stopped in the middle of a hymn and the bishop was heard to exclaim: "Blow the organ!"

From Canon Beeching comes the following story: "It was the morning after the banquet, and a solicitous friend who had sat beside Bishop Stubbs, happening to meet him, asked if he got home all right. The bishop looked slightly surprised at the question, but at once added, with an apparent gleam of comprehension, 'Oh, yes, it was only my boots that were tight.'"

Brief Stories of Mythology.

Pegasus and the Chimaera—VII.

After a dreadful encounter with Medusa, Perseus finally conquered and the former's head rolled to the ground at a stroke of the latter's sword. From the blood which sank into the earth the winged horse Pegasus was produced. Minerva caught and tamed him, presenting the animal to the Muses.

About that time the country of Lycia was overrun by a fearful monster known as the Chimaera. The fore part of his body was the compound of a lion and a goat, and the hind part a dragon's. The king Iobates, who ruled the desolated country, sought for some hero to destroy the beast. There arrived in court at this time a young warrior named Bellerophon, bringing letters from Proetus, the son-in-law of Iobates, recommending Bellerophon as a unconquerable hero. But he also added a request for his father-in-law to put the young man to death. The reason for this was jealousy, Proetus suspecting that his wife Antea admired the young man more than she should. From this fact that Bellerophon was unknowingly the bearer of his own death warrant, the expression "Bellerophonic letters" arose to describe any species of communication which a person is made bearer of containing matter prejudicial to himself.

Iobates was at loss as to what he should do, for he did not wish to violate either the laws of hospitality or not oblige his son-in-law. Happily the thought came to him to send Bellerophon to combat with the Chimaera. The young hero consented to do as requested, but first held a consultation with the soothsayer Polyidus before he attempted to fulfill his mission. Polyidus advised him to procure, if possible, the horse Pegasus for the conflict. That night Bellerophon slept in the temple of Minerva, who came to him during his sleep and placed a golden bridle in his hand, which the youth discovered the next morning when he awoke. On being shown Pegasus drinking at the well of Pirene, the warrior went towards him. When the winged steed saw the bridle he came up willingly and allowed himself to be taken. The youth mounted the horse, rose in the air, discovered the monster and slew him easily.

Even after this display of heroism and strength his unfriendly host exposed him to more dangers, but with the aid of Pegasus all were triumphed over. Iobates finally perceived that Bellerophon was a favorite of the gods, so he gave him his daughter in marriage and made him successor to the throne. His head turned with success, the young man became proud and haughty, drawing upon himself the anger of the gods. It is told that he even attempted to fly into heaven on his winged steed. However he failed, as Jupiter sent a gadfly which stung Pegasus and made the horse throw his rider, who became blind and lame as a result. After this calamity Bellerophon wandered through the Alelan fields, avoiding the paths of men, and dying miserably.

Milton alludes to this story in his "Paradise Lost." It is as follows:

"Descend from Heaven, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art called, whose voice divine
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegasean wing!
Up led by thee,
Lest, from this flying steed unreined (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower sphere)
Dismounted, on the Alelan field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander and forlorn."

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UNEARNED INCREMENT OF THE FARM

TEN YEARS ago the domestic animals, poultry and bees of the northeastern corner of the United States, including New England, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, were valued at $320,438,350. Their reported value in 1910 was $446,669,394, an increase of $126,231,044, or a fraction less than forty per cent. In percentage Maine leads with a gain of 47.1 per cent. and in value New York, with $57,301,133, or a little more than 45 per cent. of the gain of the entire region.

The gain, however, appears in unit values rather than in the number of animals. In 1909 there were in those states 6,339,835 cattle of all kinds and all ages, while the number in 1910 was 5,566,180, but he total value in 1910 was $180,831,191 and in 1900 $151,899,421. Apparently the farmer enjoys that evil thing, an "unearned increment." The equine census shows:

	Number of Horses.	Total Value.	Unit Value.
1900.....	1,639,130	$123,349,825	$ 72.80
1910.....	1,582,656	203,907,408	128.80

The decrease in number is no doubt due in part to displacement by automobiles. The useful mule shows some gain in number and a long gain in values. In 1910 there were 47.65, value dat $3,584,603, and in 1910 there were 54,096, valued at $7,971,663. In the returns for 1910 the average value of "mares, stallions and geldings born before January 1, 1909," is given as $132.10, while the average value of mules born before that date was $149.59. It is gratifying to see that there are people in this section of the country who are rising to a proper appreciation of the mule. For work or for driving or riding he is best esteemed by those who know him best. Swine have not quite held their own in the 10 years. There were 2,322,206 of all ages in 1900 and 2,155,918 in 1910. Some of the farmer's unearned increment is found in the hog pen, total values having risen from $13,011,651 to $18,646,414, chiefly because people who do not raise hogs wanted more lard and hams and bacon. The sheep raising industry of the north Atlantic states declines. The total flock of 4,247,100 in 1900 shrank to 3,278,458 in 1910, with a drop in total value from $13,446,671 to $10,776,736. Yet sheep raising on the farm, both for mutton and for wool can be made a profitable industry by proper business methods. Goats and kids, in insignificant industry, advanced from 6,391, value at $30,114, to 10,765, valued at $60,158.

More unearned increment appears in the poultry yard. Hens were kept in 1910 on 88.4 per cent. of all the farms reporting, turkeys on 11.2 per cent., ducks on 7.9 per cent. and geese on 4.1 per cent. All together and including the unmusical guinea fowl and the pigeons, the poultry numbered 33,083,273 in 1910 and 29,080,153 in 1900. The total values were $23,014,456 and $13,706,782, an average increase of about 20 cents apiece. In the matter of increase in wealth the farmers of the north Atlantic states are not at the tail of the procession.

A Celto-Cuban Kentuckian.

Bowling Green Messenger.

If the writer should tell you that the most remarkable man he met in a life full of incidents was one who dispensed intoxicating liquors over a bar, of course there would be some invidious comments among the "unco guid." But it is the truth just the same.

The news columns of the Kentucky papers carry the account of the death of Dr. Gilberto of Paducah. He was 75 years old at the time of his death, but he could easily have passed himself as half that age. He spoke nearly all the modern languages with fluency, and had traveled over the world, sometimes as a sailor before the mast, sometimes as a petty officer. He was a Cuban born, but evidently of Irish descent. He landed in Paducah a quarter of a century ago dead broke and went to work as a cook. He made and gave away two or three fortunes. He had a pension roll of dependent widows and orphans that went up into the hundreds. He did more charity practice in the profession of oculist and optician, which he learned late in life, than all the other specialists in the city put together.

Yet Dr. Gilberto was a saloonkeeper. He kept an orderly place, sold only honest liquors, discouraged treating, never sold a drop of liquor to a minor, to an intoxicated man, nor on a day when its sale is prohibited by law.

Farm Gambling.

Springfield Republican.

Kansas farmers do things in a big way, but "Jim" Fiske, of Thomas county, has rather staggered them all in the gamble he has made, and is to repeat, against Nature. Mr. Fiske is the wheat king of his section, and this year he lost 17,000 acres of wheat. The huge field was sowed a year ago and was really a bet that it would rain a good deal between March 1 and May 1. It didn't and Mr. Fiske has not cut a head of grain. Had he won he would probably have cleaned up $150,000. He has now written friends that he has put seven steam plows at work on his fields and will sow wheat on all the ground they can turn before the middle of the month. This will probably be about 15,000 acres and from this he expects, unless the weather again plays him false, to reap 100,000 bushels of wheat next year.

Too Many Doctors, He Says.

Admitting that he was unable to make a living because there are so many doctors in Pittsburgh, Dr. A. B. Miller testified in police court today that he had taken a horse and buggy and sold them in the hope of obtaining enough money to enable him to return to his parents at Ithaca, N. Y.

Dr. Miller said he was graduated from the University of Chicago in 1910, and had conducted an office here for nine months, during which time his receipts had been $4. He sold his office furniture and books to get money. Dr. Miller was well dressed and declared he was the victim of circumstances and not of drugs. Friends are interesting themselves in his behalf.

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Yes, Sir—The

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1911.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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Interesting Stories

Advertisers are telling many interesting stories in the columns of The Blade. Every week they call the attention of readers to something new. To ignore the advertising columns may mean the loss of an opportunity. It pays to be wide awake.

Flying across the continent is a man's job.

Women are always quick to take a fashion hint.

What has become of the old-fashioned seven-year itch?

Money can talk in any language well enough to be understood.

Virginia juries are old-fashioned. They believe in punishing the guilty.

We don't suppose that trial marriages would help the sale of go-carts.

The man who shot Premier Stolypin violated the rules. He should have used dynamite.

One of our ambitions is to become an old-fashioned man who never rode in an aeroplane.

One nice thing about babies is that the 1911 models don't go out of style with the departing year.

A few impatient people are beginning to wonder what Mr. Taft will do when he retires in 1917.

The President's refusal to ask for the resignation of Dr. Wiley may lose him the benzoate of soda vote.

The talk about George Washington being the descendant of kings can't hurt him now. He made good.

One thing that makes a wet and dry campaign interesting is the blooming optimism of the opposing forces.

The way of the transgressor is hard. No use trying to blame our sins on a mythical black-bearded stranger.

Nobody can blame Mr. O. Hell, of New York, for wanting his name changed. It doesn't look good in print.

A Kansas girl was tarred and feathered the other day. Feathers may be in style, but there is some doubt about tar.

It is said that poets are born, but to our mind it doesn't seem just right to put all the responsibility on the parents.

Beulah Binford says she would like to carry her story into every home in America. Better leave it out in the garbage can.

Magazines are to be shipped by freight. They contain nothing perishable except the poetry and corset advertisements.

Instinct will keep a horse from plunging over a precipice. And that is where the horse has something on the automobile.

William Allen White says there are twelve able editors in the United States. We thought there were that many in Kansas.

Most people are careless with umbrellas and rarely remember where they leave them. One has been found in a shark's stomach.

Some men make more or less fuss over their own birthdays, and others are satisfied to celebrate the occasion with a haircut and shave.

Vice President Sherman says he will not be a candidate for re-election. One term as vice president usually satisfies the average man.

Ned Green has received more than 6,000 marriage proposals. But he brought it on himself when he declared that nobody loves a fat man.

The marriage problem will never be solved by women who lie awake at night trying to think of some new and original excuse for getting a divorce.

Eastern women are said to be growing "alarmingly fat." We don't pretend to know just how fat that is, but it probably means an obscure waistline.

A Pennsylvania farmer put all his savings in a stove and his wife started the fire. Now he is ready to advocate a change in the banking system of the country.

The scrawniest colt in the pasture often develops into a beautiful horse. And the perfect child of today may become the Lanky Bob or Fatty Jones of the future.

Wilbur Wright says that 99 per cent of the money spent on aviation this year has been wasted. We suppose the one per cent represents the cost of burying the victims.

HISTORY AND PORTUGAL.

It was the fear of the spread of liberal ideas which brought about the alliance of the monarchies against the first French republic. When Burke said: "I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to average even a look that threatened her with insult," he was at heart thinking less of the queen of France than of the dangers to the throne of England. France under the royalists might have been unspeakable for all the emperors and princes of Europe had cared, but under republicans, had it been fair and happy as Paradise. France was to be beaten back into the monarchist form.

History is repeating itself on a smaller scale upon the Portuguese frontier. Spain, in defiance of international law, is giving shelter to an army which is to invade the new republic and attempt to restore King Manuel to his misdirected powers and abused privileges. Funds from England are said to be on the way. Doubtless there is a general contribution to the cause. Spain assuredly is giving more than a drilling ground. Italy, still seething with liberalism, will not like to see a new republic in Europe. In Austria and Germany and among the confusing royalist claimants of France are friends of Manuel—friends not for his colorless personality, but for the monarchist principles he represents.

Portugal, according to many observers, is not fitted to a republican form of government. That may be. But so long as she typifies, even in a small way, the democratization of Europe she is entitled to sympathy in the present crisis.

THE CONFIDENT PERKINS.

Mr. George W. Perkins, late of the house of Morgan, is said still to be working upon his plan to smooth out the differences between capital and labor. Hs is confident that labor will come to think of capital as just as necessary to life as standing at the corner grocery and that the rabid school of capital will not yearn for the drawing and quartering of a labor leader as a daily vaudeville turn.

In addition, Mr. Perkins is striving to formulate legislation which will take the foolishness out of the Sherman anti-trust law and to put it into keeping with economic evolution. It is declared that Mr. Perkins is certain he can make congressmen cease talking the hubdub of a quarter century ago and to come to a realization of practical needs and practical possibilities.

Faith, so one is told, can move mountains. It would seem that Mr. Perkins' contracts call for the mountain moving kind of faith.

THE MECHANICAL FARMER

The pioneer was in luck if, in addition to an axe and a good knife, he had a few other tools. With such implements as he brought into the wilderness and with the strength of his arms, he raised a cabin, cleared the underbrush, felled the trees, split the logs for fence rails, dug ditches, made sledges, constructed furniture, stable fixtures, well curbs, grinding mills and a hundred other things necessary to the calling. The pioneer, by present standards, was not much of a farmer, but he was a "handy man" of tremendous inventiveness and resourcefulness.

What would this pioneer, the man who all but made a civilization with his hands alone—have thought were it given him to return to life and gaze upon the mechanical exhibits at the county fair? Here are implements of which he never dreamed, tools to work with he would be puzzled to know the use of, apparatus he would surely consider too luxurious for men with the full use of their muscles. The farmer of today can do in an hour, because of the mechanical equipment he feels necessary to his pursuit, the work the pioneer spent weeks in performing. Forces of steam and gasoline and electricity gain ends that were beyond the possibility of the pioneer even to consider.

The settler's world has been turned over. It has been shaken down and builded anew. But yet we believe that if the implements now on exhibition at fairs were traced to their beginnings they would be found to have had their birth in the mind and the simple craftsmanship of that handiest of men—the pioneer.

IRON ORE SUPPLIES.

Threats of the exhaustion of the coal supplies of the world are of less moment than a threatened failure of the iron ore resources. There is, at present, nothing which can take the place of iron in industry and art, no substitute which is at once as cheap and capable of such infinite employment.

According to a clipping two years old the estimate of the world's iron ore supply was placed at that time at 9,250,000,000 tons. S. Phillip, writing in a German publication, estimated the annual demand of iron for the next ten years at 60,000,000 tons, which means from 150,000,000 to 180,000,000 tons of ore. At this rate the ore fields then known would be exhausted within 60 years—an outlook that was truly alarming. There was, of course, no promise that the yearly demand of 60,000,000 tons of iron could remain stationary. Such another era of prosperity as the United States experienced between 1896 and 1908, with improved methods of smelting, transportation and milling processes, together with the increase in population, would, in all probability, double the American absorption of iron production.

Since the estimates we have quoted were issued, the government of Brazil has reported upon a geological survey of a district which has been famous, not for iron mining, but for that of gold. The survey found immense fields and the geologist in charge estimated the visible supply at 5,000,000,000 tons. He ventured to predict that twice that amount of ore would be taken out. A consular report just issued by the state department at Washington reports the discovery of great beds of iron ore in Bavaria, lying but a few feet below the surface. The beds uncovered show their average thickness to be five to seven feet. If the average thickness prove to be only three feet, the area contains 1,500,000,000 tons of ore, a great addition to the world's supply and sufficient to meet the German consumption for generations.

The time when industry must worry about the resources of iron is indefinitely postponed. Not in this century, certainly, will it be necessary to think seriously of developing a substitute.

IN A MODEL CITY.

Gary, if we remember correctly, was erected as a model town. The sandhills were leveled and sodded and the jack-oak brush was cut away. Marble and brick were raised where the golden-rod and the ironweed had bloomed. And through the woodchuck's burrow the electric light conduits were driven. It was a swift-built city, true to the blue print and up to the steel trust press agent's florid promises.

The other day the mayor of the model town was arrested upon charges of accepting a bribe for furthering the granting of a franchise. The city engineer was taken to jail upon accusations of helping the sale of the model town to a public utility corporation. Five councilmen must answer for the alleged bartering of the public rights of the model town for a privately arranged price.

Great is enterprise and helpful to civilization is the building of mammoth mills and high-towering furnaces. But something very important was left out of consideration when Gary, model city, was constructed. It were better for the hope in ultimate political cleanliness if the sand-hills were not leveled, if the mournful jack-brush still stood and the golden-rod were swishing in the wind.

THE TRUST AND TOBACCO.

The United States Steel Corporation, so word comes from Pittsburgh, has put an embrago against tobacco in the mills. No smoking will be permitted within the plants and save in the case of the iron molders and the brass workers, the use of chewin' is forbidden, the exception being upon the argument that a mouthful of scrap tends to close the entry of dust to the lungs.

"Tobacco," says the corporation solemnly, "is injurious to the health of workingmen."

It is not without pleasure that we observe this sudden interest on the part of a great company in the well-being of its workers. It is a fortunate sign. Yet it seems to us to have come in the wrong sequence. Supposing that the United States Steel Corporation had:

Ceased working its men twelve hours a day, seven days in the week.

Revised its determination to ruin utterly all organization among workmen for the good of themselves and their families.

Made it no longer a fact that the steel business holds a higher score for fatalities and injuries than any other industry.

Cleaned out those horrible slums located upon company property.

Prolonged the working life of men from five years to one as long as any other trade can boast.

Changed its custom of alternate overwork and no work at all to a fair run of employment, say 300 days in every year, day work, short hours and an allowance for rest and recreation.

After that, might not the trust, with a far better sense of the fitness of things, have turned its attention to the little vices and the inconsequential comforts of its working people?

WHERE BENEFITS ARE FORGOT.

It is not true, as stated often, that it is only the rich who are guilty of smuggling. More frequently it is people who have to figure margins of profit very closely and are tempted, upon opportunity, to extend the margin a little farther than the law and the markets allow. Importers, dressmakers and art dealers head the list of habitual smugglers. But it is the rich who get the greatest amount of notice, receive the loudest condemnation, when they are caught attempting to beat Uncle Sam out of his just tolls.

This is exactly as it should be, though wealthy folk may have different ideas upon the subject. Perhaps the greatest number of the fortunes of individuals in this country may be traced back to the protective tariff. In the effort to keep wages up, to promote a high standard of living, to energize the enterprising and to save us from the very hateful sight of the tax collector, the several bongresses have made it possible for an amazingly large number of persons to accumulate more money than they really need. But such is the perversity of human nature that the owners of the strongboxes are seldom in possession of a working outfit of gratitude. However much they may have benefited by the protective tariff, they are not to be held ostentatiously declaring their costly purchases, or are to be heard shouting for the custom officers to hurry and collect their fees. It is but right that notoriety, besides a good deal of expense and annoyance and uneasiness, attend upon the discovery of smuggling among our well-fixed compatriots. It is an experience coming to them. If the immoralities were properly balanced and set down in their relative order of meanness, that of thanklessness would surely lead plain, ordinary crookedness.

THE PEACE STOLYPIN MADE.

Premier Stolypin has been classified with the extreme conservatives of Russia. He has been an iron man, cold, remorseless, terribly resolute in his labor of bringing order out of the chaos into which Russia had fallen after the demoralization wrought by the war with Japan.

Yet the premier had liberal tendencies. He succeeded in winning good will where others associated with the czar were held in bitter hate and suspicion. He inaugurated reforms, extended the freedom of the press, got the peasantry back at the plow, straightened out the snarl of foreign relations, put the army upon a disciplined basis again, and persuaded the new parliament to drop futilities and work upon the real issues of the restoration of order. But the price paid for civil peace has been fearful. Stolypin would appear to have one of those mediaeval consciences to which the end justified every means. Blood has flowed like water. The entire system of justice has been devoted to the business of suppression. The man has had no fear of death. He but asked for time, for the hangman's obedience and the soldier's ruthlessness, until his task were finished. Possibly few in America really can say whether Russia is quiet again. It may be doubted, though, if such order as Stolypin brought to his country has any permanent quality. The longer a volcano rests, the more awful is like to be its anger when it awakes.

THE SECOND SWING.

The President's first great swing around the circle was disappointing both to himself and the country. It was taken at the time when he rested under the imputation, whether 'twas fair or not, of being under the influence of notorious reactionaries. He defended the iniquitous Payne-Aldrich tariff. He spoke neither very clearly nor to the interests and hearts of his hearers. The journey, when ended, was put down as lost energy and time.

The President's second jaunt promises to be an entirely different affair. Mr. Taft has parted company with the reactionaries. He has, at the same time, avoided alliance with that part of the Republican insurgent wing which let its personal ambitions eclipse its public duties. He has managed to rid himself of poor cabinet material, fathered the reciprocity bill, proved himself above the cheap politics that the extra session of congress manufactured and furthered the great cause of universal peace. He is speaking more directly, with more feeling and with the genuine oratory of a man who feels deeply what he says. When he returns to Washington there is likely to be a story to tell quite different from that told after the earlier voyage of pulse-feeling.

PRINCES AND DESTINY.

The names of two kings have appeared prominently in the newspapers in the last day or two.

One, like Charlemagne, had a strong leaning toward education. He taught boys and girls the importance of little things, particularly those that were negotiable in the markets. He was known as the King of Pickpockets.

The other's kingly attributes ran toward the acquisition of power. He ruled over a city and had, among other possessions, a state supreme court which did him obedience and aided him greatly in maintaining his suzerainty which enforced abdication was sought. He was called in his day, the King of St. Louis.

The prince we first mentioned was sent to the penitentiary to round out a reign of some 40 years. The second died, and when he was buried was given a funeral that was two hours in passing a given point. One was rewarded with shame, the other with fine words and countless tokens of esteem.

Yet, if the theologians are right, the two of them will meet and it will be upon the same griddle.

THE SUCCESSORS OF TILLMAN.

Senator Tillman, writing to the Newberry, S. C., Observer, says:

I have seen the hatred between the north and south pass away and the people of the two sections reunited in real bonds of respect and admiration. The hate I once felt for the "Yankees" is gone, and I find no evidence of any of it in the senate among southerners, or any feelings of animosity toward the south among northern men.

Senator Tillman's confession of a change of faith is more than welcome. But, though the senator from South Carolina has ceased to rail at the "blood-sucking northerners," sectionalism is not to die in the senate. There is left Senator Heyburn to represent the "patriots" of the north who stayed at home during the war, and Senator Vardaman, of Mississippi, to represent the whites who took to the hills when the conscript details were in the saddle. The two will keep sectional hate alive—for that is their political notoriety.

WHAT THE RECALL DID.

There is one good thing about the recall. It is bringing the average good sense back into training.

When the mayor of Seattle went into office on a reform wave he set about the task of carrying his pledges out according to schedule. Reform is a slow business always, no matter how simple a matter it seems during a political campaign. The mayor met with forces of opposition he hadn't dreamed of. He had to be tactful, when, by all the rules of reform propaganda, diplomacy is an alien and unnecessary. He was called upon to listen, to consider the differences between charges and the loose evidence upon which charges are ordinarily based. The mayor was making progress, however. Then, in the midst of his work, he had to drop official duty to defend himself in a recall election. He lost. A new mayor, enthusiastic, determined, energetic, came in. But he, too, had to learn the realities. He moved no faster than his predecessor. Those who had promoted his election forthwith deserted him and demanded a third election. Friends of the deposed mayor joined the movement.

Then, in the very middle of the turmoil, five hundred citizens went to the city hall and took their names from the last recall petition. Sober, common sense took charge of affairs in Seattle. The hysterical part of the population was suppressed. Agitators who agitated for love of the sport were given the cold shoulder. The ready petitioner wearied of signing his name.

Let us not condemn the recall before it is tested. In the case of Seattle, it has served to show the distinction between government in keeping with the facts of life and government by convulsions. That was something worth while.

IN DARKNESS.

It is shocking to read that the people of an Italitn province have burned the cholera hospital and forcefully brought about the release of persons held under observation as cholera victims. It is shocking because it betrays such pitiful darkness of understanding.

Doctors have had to call upon the police in American cities for aid in enforcing quarantine. Communities have had to organize vigilance committees to prevent the spread of epidemic. Parents have besieged city halls indignantly demanding the repeal of laws which provide medical examination in the schools. Anti-vaccination societies flourish and anti-vivisection societies increase memberships, both being formed for the purpose of hampering the destruction of disease.

There is darkness both in Italy and in America. The difference seems to be that the shadows are deeper and more widespread in our land than in the older country. What is it rather makes us bear the ills we have than get rid of them?

THE GREATEST OF STRIKES.

It is only slowly that the stupendous character of the British railway strike is being realized. It was a paralyzing force for days. But more than that, as investigtors have learned, it contained the seeds, not only of industrial revolution, but also of the form of revolutions which overturn governments.

A commission is sitting patiently upon the grievances of workmen and employes. First, however, it is striving to grasp the quality of the strike, its meaning and its promises and threats. It has brought out that the transport workers of eighteen countries are fairly well bound together, that they can tie up the shipping of the world within twenty-four hours, that some of their systems, particularly that having to do with picketing, show a better organization than the police and rival the scheme of communication and the discipline of the British army. We read one declaration that "on all sides it is admitted no government may allow another general strike to paralyze the commerce of the whole country. From the other viewpoint is the assertion: "This fight has come out of the commons. It is in the streets—everywhere in the streets. What you are faced with is an industrial interdict." It seems idle, in the circumstances, to talk of what governments may do. When the working population of a country drops its tools and turns to righting what it thinks are grievances, whether passively or by violence, the officials, the machinery, all the institutions of government, are left standing alone. A situation may easily be imagined when government can merely twirl its several thumbs and devote its confused mentalities to wondering what on earth it exists for.

The biggest problem of such a strike lies deeper than the adjustment of wages and working hours, the recognition of unions and the amelioration of hardships. Can a government, once tossed aside, once rendered as helpless as an infant, regain its power, its control and the respect of a people? After a great strike and the displacement of the established and recognized order of society, what shall come? Surely not a socialistic state, for that means government more complex and far-reaching than any that has ever, in the history of mankind, had a being. Surely not the anarchy of the philosophers, where individual right are paramount and undisputed. We search the statements of the labor leaders and their political associates for the answer in vain. If they have thought of that, they would seem not to have spoken it publicly or set it down upon paper.

What makes a sore toe hurt worse is for the man who steps on it to walk away without apologizing.

Dr. Anna Shaw was not afraid to talk to the governors. Anna is not a timid young suffragist.

Senator Bailey may be smart enough to know when to quit. Some statesmen are not.

Mourners in Chicago stole $1,000 worth of souvenirs from their dear dead friend.

If a man has any friends who are crazy they will show it at his wedding.

Honey is just as sweet now as it was before the price of sugar went up.

Motto for aviators: If at first you don't succeed fly, fly again.

Sunday School

A STATESMAN IN TROUBLE

The International Sunday School Lesson for September 24 Is "Daniel in the Lions' Den." Daniel 6.

By William T. Ellis.

This is one of the dear old stories which children love, and cultivated men and women must know if they are to understand countless literary allusions. Now is a good time to get the event fixed in its setting. Great changes have taken place since the last lesson. The haughty Nebuchadnezzar king of kings, who threw the three young Hebrews into the fiery furnace, has become insane, his successors have had their little day, and his throne itself has been overturned. The great Babylon has become a vassal kingdom. The first step of Daniel's interpretation of the image of Nebuchadnezzar's dream has been fulfilled.

A new king rules, a new nation prevails. Cyrus, the Persian, great predecessor of the ignoble Shah, about whom we are nowadays reading in the dispatches, had conquered Media, and, at the head of the Medo-Persian empire, has overthrown Babylon. Cyrus himself reigns at Shushan, in Persia, and Darius is his viceroy in Babylon. With regal powers, Darius plans the government, placing one hundred and twenty satraps (a familiar word to all who have studied Xenophon) over the territorial divisions, and three presidents over these. Daniel, the sage and statesman, was one of the presidents, though now an old man.

An Exile and Some Monarchs.

A bit of Latin was often in my mind as I roamed over the ruins of Assyria and Babylonia and succeeding empires: "Sic transit gloria mundi"—" so passes the glory of earth. For kings and even dynasties and empires were only as strata in the accumulated layers of dirt ruins. The kings of some of the stele that I saw amid the ruins along the Tigris could not be identified, though they were full of most boastful biographical statements. The average person does well who can keep in mind the names of the greater empires and their order, along with the names of the foremost rulers.

But there is no difficulty about remembering Daniel. And amid all the mutations and transformations of the centuries in this Tigris-Euphrates region the people of Daniel have stood fast, worshipping the one true God. Myriads, if not millions of them are to be found in the territory which was once the Medo-Persian kingdom; and now they seem to be coming to their own again. History is more wonderful than prophecy. The vindication of God's word and of God's people is written large in the records of time.

Plotters and Their Plan.

Quite as the Hindus is a government office in India scheme against the Mohammedans, or the Turks in Constantinople against the Jews, so the Chaldeans under Darius plotted against this Jew Daniel, who was set over them all. He excited their jealousy; and all men familiar with "office politics" know what that means; and also their fear, for his principles stood as a barrier against grafting. One honest man in a corrupt organization can spoil the schemes of the most prominent and skilful predatory plotters, if he have the courage of a Daniel. This has recently been illustrated in Washington.

All Orientals are adepts at subtlety and intrigue; and the plot of the satraps against Daniel was based on their knowledge of the vanity of the king. It was not a hard thing for Darius, any more than for the present emperor of Japan to believe himself to be a god. He gulped down the alluring bait thrown to him by these courtiers, never suspecting the hook it held. If we did not understand something of human nature, and the grossness of the flattery which men will accept, this part of the story might seem incredible. But Darius readily, and thoughtlessly, assenter to the proposition that no god but himself should be worshipped for the space of thirty days, under peril of the lions.

Trapped!

Never trap was sprung with greater certainty of catching its quarry. A fine compliment was paid to Daniel by his enemies, for they knew that he would never "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee" to any other God than Jehovah. They also knew that he was too much of a man to dodge saying his prayers as before. Being "without fear and without reproach," he could be counted on to be true to his highest allegiance: and this maneuver of his enemies made that higher fidelity seem like a breach of his worldly loyalty. Daniel's character, like his heart, was fixed; he was now an old man, and he could be counted upon not to play false to his God.

All honor to the stalwart men who do "as aforetime" in the face of Satan himself. Christian history has as its brightest pages the record of the Daniels who have stood fast; who have dared to defy councils, courts, kings and churches, in obedience to their convictions. These are the king-men. They follow in the train of the great and steadfast Christ, who knew how to die, but did not know how to save his life at the expense of his honor. The "stonewall" sort of man, as faithful at praying as at fighting, is the sort upon whom man and God rely. Even the enemies of right know where to find him always.

Untroubled by Trouble.

Everybody must meet trouble some day. He is a foolish sailor who builds his boat only for fair weather. Now trouble should be prepared for, but not worried about. Daniel was not upset by this plot of his enemies. He went about his work as usual, and prayed, with his windows open toward Jerusalem, even as he did every day. He was not vauntingly ostentatious in his defiance of the king's edict; nor was he cravenly cautious. He simply did as usual. Blessed be noble routine.

The king, who was as weak as most vain men, was troubled by the plot against Daniel when he perceived it. How he must have cursed his own silly pride and gullibility. He spoke openly to the plotters; but when they rather menacingly intimated that not even the king was above the law, he quailed, and with the wailings of a weakling surrendered his friend and counsellor, whom he knew to be a true man, standing "foursquare to every breeze that blows."

Sleepless and worried, the king tossed on his royal couch that night. Vain were the allurements of food and music. He had a coward's conscience. As for Daniel—well, Mr. Moody used to picture him, with his homely eloquence, drawing to himself the biggest of lions for a pillow, and settling down for the untroubled sleep of a little child. It is not the lions about one that matter, but the wild animals within one's own breast. Don't pity Daniel; pity Darius.

The Tables Turned.

Lions have mostly disappeared from Asia, although one was seen near Jericho only five years ago; and Shamu told me that he, and a boatload of passengers, had once seen a magnificent male lion standing boldly on the bank of the Tigris, a short distance below Ctesiphon. As with the Indian princes today, a den of lions was an adjunct of the king's court. Into one of these Daniel was thrown, and the door sealed with just such cylidrical seal as one may pick up thereabouts today. The result should have been swift and horrible death.

There are many angels ready to do the bidding of Jehovah, and one was sent to shut the mouths of the lions. This scene, Daniel in the lions' den, is a favorite one with the painters; but most of them err in painting the beasts with open mouths. They were shut, for God's honor was concerned in the salvation of his friend. Daniel's great allegiance deserved great support at the divine hands. "They who trust Him wholly, find him wholly true." Satan and his legions have never yet been able to circumvent Jehovah.

Early in the morning came hasting the king, in strained, worried tones inquiring if Daniel's God was able to deliver him. Little did Darius, any more than the world today, know how able is God. But Daniel of old, and all the Daniels since, realized the might of the Master he served; so, in cheerful tones that contrasted with those of the king, he answered with the conventional salutation. "So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no mannor of hurt was found upon him, because he had trusted in his God."

As for his plotting foes, they fell into the pit they had digged, as has been the fashion since the beginning of time. They and theirs came to a swift and dreadful end at the open jaws of the lions which had been closed against Daniel. It never pays to fight against God or God's people; it always pays to be loyal.

"No man is truly great," says a philosopher, "unless he is able to convince his neighbors that he is." That may be true. Anyway, a man's neighbors are the last to discover that he is great.

Some day the honest candidate for office may say something like this: "I want to win because the work is easy and the salary looks good to me."

An Indianapolis young man performed the remarkable feat of riding his motorcycle one hundred miles in two hours, nine and a half minutes without hitting anything.

Who knows? Col. Ned Green may have started all the talk about his desire to find a wife just to get a picture of his double chin in the newspapers.

The motto, "Do It Now," is all right under certain circumstances, but if you are contemplating doing some fool thing the longer you wait the better.

Another minister of the gospel has jumped into the limelight. He has resigned his pastorate in a Missouri town because his salary was too high.

It is up to Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Geraghty to show the public that married life is one grand, sweet song.

Uncle Joe Cannon has announced that he is a candidate for re-election. One always knows where Uncle Joe stands on a question of that kind.

A California woman buried a man she thought was her husband, and then her own old man came back. She will be more careful next time.

Looks as if we are going to have a cold winter. The corn husks are unusually thick and Mary Garden is buying a lot of new clothes.

John D. Rockefeller's ancestor came to this country in 1723. All we can say for the old fellow is that he had remarkable foresight.

An Indiana man proposed by wireless and was accepted. He never got that idea from Laura Jean Libbey. She's strong on sentiment.

Mr. Bryan says he sees no reason why he should run for the Presidency. And there are three historical reasons why he should not run.

A Brooklyn magistrate has decided that cucumbers are fruit. Now let's proceed to the consideration of other important matters.

"Naturally, Mrs. Sinclair and I fell in with each other," says Poet Kemp. And naturally Upton and Mrs. Sinclair fell out.

Canadian newspapers ought to give some plausible reason why the United States should want to annex their country.

Champ Clark says there are not enough politicians in this country. He ought to be defeated for thinking such a thing.

The safety razor is not a poet's dream, but it doesn't get its victim down and then tell him unprintable stories.

If the middleman is put out of business and has to go back to the farm he will get a new view of life.

Walker Weston made the trip from coast to coast without breaking a propeller blade.

Brown sugar may become too expensive to convert into pure maple syrup.

There is no such thing as a safe and sane toadstool.

Varieties

There were 186,917 negro sol[diers] in the northern army in the civil wa[r]

May 8, 1787, is given as the date o[f] the first attempt to engrave on glas[s]

During the last year New York ci[ty] consumed 51,000,000 pounds of pou[l]try.

Aeroplanes were used August 15 f[or] the first time in Russia in the arm[y] maneuvers.

Some of the diamond "cleavers" [in] Amsterdam receive as much as $120 [a] week.

The poet, Lord Byron, received $21,[000] 375 from his publishers for his poe[m] "Childe Harold."

Disappearing landing wheels, whi[ch] fold up within the chasis, feature [a] new aeroplane.

The Aerotechnical Institute of th[e] University of Paris was opened at S[t] Cyr the other day.

There was an observatory for th[e] study of the stars at Alexandria, [in] Egypt, in the year 300 B. C.

During the last five years th[e] strides made in the American automo[-] bile industry have been gigantic.

The invention of magnifying glasse[s] is ascribed to one Alhazen, an Ara[b] bian, in the year 1050 of our era.

A German exporter estimates th[e] total production of books throughou[t] the world at 128,530 new works a yea[r].

There are more suicides in Japan [in] proportion to its population, than [in] any other country in the world.

Three terriers recently killed 25[0] rats in half an hour when a whe[at] stack was being threshed at Bishop[s] Stortford.

Insurance of fetes, pageants an[d] similar affairs against rain is a rec[-] ognized branch of the insurance busi[-] ness in England.

In China they have capital punish[-] ment by proxy at times. A rich ma[n] convicted of crime can hire anothe[r] man to take his place.

Water for the boilers of steam en[-] gines in France is now heated by ex[-] haust steam. It economizes fuel mor[e] than 12 per cent.

A shepherd in Russia has 1,500,00[0] sheep. To look after and handle the[m] he has 35,000 dogs, probably the larg[-] est pack in the whole world.

Tokio now has a Japanese Youn[g] Men's Buddhist association modele[d] after the Young Men's Christian As[-] sociation of this country.

The Swiss peasants are of the opin[-] ion that the constant shrinkage of th[e] Alpine glaciers is due to the buildin[g] of mountain railroads.

Figures in the recent census o[f] Denmark show that the population o[f] that kingdom has risen from 2,605,26[0] in 1906 to 2,757,076 in 1911.

All the Swiss glaciers are recedin[g] perceptibly and within the last 1[0] years that of the Ziglornuovo ha[s] shrunk by nearly one thousand fee[t].

Many British business men are o[f] the opinion that England would hav[e] a better telephone service if it we[re] out of the government's hands.

The Brazilian government has com[-] menced an active destruction cam[-] paign against the locusts, particularl[y] in the state of Sao Paulo.

During the last year the number o[f] Chinese seamen engaged at Poplar fo[r] British ships was 1,204, of whom 15[0] were engaged on board ship.

The Palladium, a New England publication, under date of August 3[1] 1805, describes the killing of a larg[e] rattlesnake with 73 rattles.

In Louisiana, in 1882, a firm bought a tract of about 19,000 acres of yello[w] pine for $19,000. In 1909 the sam[e] tract was sold for $1,125,000.

The mutton of the world is reckon[-] ed at 450,000,000 head, of which Aus[-] tralia is credited with 95,000,00[0] England ranks next with one-third that number.

Pineapple is declared to be one o[f] the best known remedies for diph[-] theria. It has been tested, we are told, with good effects in cases o[f] great severity.

Italy now imports more than $[1] million dollars' worth of cotton eac[h] year. Hence the government is care[-] fully fostering all attempts to produc[e] a native crop.

The number of emigrants fro[m] Hamburg and Bremen during th[e] first seven months of the year amount[-] ed to 123,600 persons, as compare[d] with 192,100 last year.

The production of oil fields, be[-] tween Tampico and Tuxpan, Mexic[o] is 100,000 to 110,000 barrels daily, o[f] which about 40,000 are being lost fo[r] want of storage facilities.

Mlle. Jane Herveu, the only entran[t] received the cup offered for the com[-] petition of women aviators at Etamp[es] France. She covered 63 miles in 1[-] minutes.

A Missouri fruit farmer, whose or[-] chard of 260 acres contained about 10,000 apple trees, sold his crop th[is] season for 100,000. A storage com[-] pany bought the fruit on the trees.

Memorials to Augustus Toplady who wrote "Rock of Ages," are to b[e] erected in the Devonshire parishes o[f] Harpford and Fen Ottery, of which h[e] was vicar from May, 1766, to Apri[l] 1768.

A Welsh shipping firm, which ha[s] been criticised for seeking orientals for seamen, says that the standard o[f] British seamen is very low, contrary to the prevailing opinion in the country.

Roller skating in excess is declared by competent physicians to hinder the normal development of the fee[t] in children. The natural use of the feet develops them in all directions; roller skating in only a few.

In France the money that must be for living expenses in a family is termed "liquid money," and the phrase is used to contrast such part of the income with funds that are set aside for "a rainy day."

The British legation at Buenos Aires reports that the first shipment of raw cotton from Argentina was recently made, when two hundred tons of cotton grown in the Chaco were exported to Spain.

By the will of a French lady who died recently a farm was left to the town on condition her family vault was kept in repair; while the rest of her estate was to be divided among those attending her funeral.

There were built in France, during 1910, no fewer than 1,300 aeroplanes with a combined motive power of 60,000-horse power, and the distance covered in flights at aerodromes reached a total of 310,685 miles.

The word yeggman is said to have originated from the criminal exploits of John Yegg, who, according to criminal tradition, was a Swedish desperado who operated in the Pacific coast states in the late seventies

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TENTH VICTIM IS DEAD

List of Auto Race Fatalities Grows.

Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 18.—Harry Bradley, of Franklin, N. Y., one of those injured by Lee Oldfield's car when it crashed through the fence at the state fair Saturday, died Sunday. His death brings the list of dead up to 10. Half a dozen of the score or more who sustained injuries as a result of the accident are still on the critical list.

Lee Oldfield himself is in a serious condition, with fractured rib and internal injuries. He is expected to recover, however.

A remarkable feature of the tragedy is that while scores of women were in the crowd into which the automobile dashed, and many of them were knocked down and trampled upon, only one, Miss Anna Youker, was injured.

Corrected.

The Artist—Just a little daub of mine, you see, dear madame.

Miss Gush (gushingly)—O no! You are entirely too modest. I should call it quite a big daub.—Puck.

I'll Rid You of Your Asthma

I Will Send You A Free Trial Of My Treatment To Prove Its Wonderful Effects.

For years and years, thousands of sufferers have been following the beaten path in the treatment of Asthma.—and they are still gasping and clutching for breath.

Quick Relief With My Treatment. Try It And Prove It.

The ordinary so-called "remedies" are but habitual failures. I have tried them all. I am a physician. Day and night for years I almost felt as if the hand of death was clutching at my throat, and that every breathless struggle would be my last.

I exhausted medical books in a vain search for a cure. At last I discovered my own treatment, used it, and if an angel had come and carried me suddenly aloft I could not have been more surprised at its results.

I ask no asthma sufferer to believe me. I am known only by my works. I want to prove to you that this treatment not only actually cures, but cures permanently. I do not ask a cent. All you have to do is to send me your name and address and I will send you a free trial treatment of my asthma remedy, as quick as the mail can bring it to you.

Send your letter to me, Dr. W. K. Walrath, Box 127, Adams, New York. Friends, I want to rescue you from those blood-curdling, "smother-and-suffocate-alive" spasms forever. Will you let me prove I can do it? Not only asthma but hay fever and bronchitis disappear gloriously by the use of the treatment. Write me today.

INSURGENTS LOSE AN ABLE LEADER

Rep. Madison Dies at Breakfast Table at Dodge City, Kansas.

Dodge City, Kan., Sept. 18.—Edmond H. Madison, representative in congress from the Seventh Kansas district, died at his home here today.

Representative Madison was attacked while eating breakfast with his wife. Death was almost instantaneous. Following the attack he was able to speak. He died in the arms of his wife.

Mr. Madison, on September 7, 1910, while the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation committee was in session in Minneapolis, voted with the Democratic members in favor of a resolution providing for the removal of Secretary Ballinger from office. Senator Duncan W. Fletcher, of Florida, introduced a resolution holding that the secretary of the interior was an unfaithful public servant and should be removed.

Representative Madison submitted a substitute resolution, declaring that the charges made by Gifford Pinchot and Louis Glavis, an ex-chief of the field division of the land office, had been sustained.

Representative James, of Kentucky, offered an amendment providing for the removal of Secretary Ballinger from office. Mr. Madison accepted the amendment and the Democratic members of the committee and Representative Madison voted for it.

GOVERNORS HIT COURT

Take Exception to Rail-Rate Decision as Invasion of State Rights.

Spring Lake, N. J., Sept. 15.—Governors of twenty-four states of the union voted to unite in protest to the United States supreme court against what they consider an invasion of state rights by federal courts.

The decision of Judge Sanborn in the Minnesota rate case is the particular "invasion" to which the governors object. By their action they establish a precedent in American history.

Harmon Heads Protest.

Judson Harmon, governor of Ohio, and former attorney general of the United States, will head a committee of protest. His colleagues will be Herbert S. Hadley, governor of Missouri, and Chester H. Aldrich, governor of Nebraska. The motion to appoint such a committee to voice the views of the conference was made by Governor Emmet O'Neal, of Alabama, which placed the membership at five. Action was declared unanimous, although Governor William W. Kitchin, of North Carolina, the twenty-fifth delegate, who alone opposed it, did so, he said, solely because it would be a departure from precedent.

Introduction of the motion was entirely unexpected by the majority of the delegates. Governor Aldrich's ringing denunciation of what he termed the invasion of the functions and rights of the states by the minor federal courts, discussed during yesterday morning's session, provoked enthusiastic applause and was followed in the afternoon by an address by Governor Francis E. McGovern, of Wisconsin upon the same topic.

Condemns Rate Decision.

During his speech Governor Aldrich referred in terms of condemnation to the decision of Justice Sanborn of the United States circuit court in the Minnesota rate case. He explained that the point of the decision was that the state's interstate rate law was unconstitutional because it could not be enforced without interfering in its operation with the authority of the interstate commerce commission. This, he thought, was clearly an invasion of state's rights.

Opposition to the protest was encountered from several delegates on the ground that the expenses of the committee could not, legally, be paid pro rata by the states, and Governor Stubbs, of Kansas, moved the appointment of a committee of three, who could employ their own state's attorneys to draft such papers as might be necessary. Under his motion the committee was "appointed by this conference to represent the governors' conference in this case, and to file briefs with the supreme court as a protest against Justice Sanborn's decision."

Hoke Smith Favors Motion.

Hoke Smith, governor of Georgia, supported the motion. "If the decision of Justice Sanborn becomes the law of this country," he said, "the twilight zone will so broaden that we will never see daylight again in the regulation of passenger and freight rates."

The twenty-four states whose governors voted for the motion are:

Alabama, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Kansas, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Utah, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia and Wisconsin.

"I have no idea as yet how we will present the matter to the supreme court," Governor Harmon said after the session. "I have yet to talk over this subject with other members of the committee. I suppose we will call a meeting and map out a line to pursue."

ROOSEVELT WANTS TO SPANK

Has Idea of Fit Punishment for Juvenile Culprit.

New York, Sept. 16.—Ex-President Roosevelt paid a visit to the children's court today in search of material for a series of educational articles and sat on the bench with Justice Hoyt.

The youngsters were a little timid before the questioning of the ex-president and he told one boy he'd like to be his father so he could spank him. This boy, William Fioh, 15, they said, had been spitting off the rear platform of an elevated train among people on the street.

"I never heard of such a beastly thing for a boy to do, said Colonel Roosevelt, gritting his teeth, and looking severe. "You don't look as if you'd do that. You have a good face. Your clothes are neat; you have a good home. What you need is a good spanking and I'd like to give it to you. I'd like to be your father for a few minutes."

The lad looked as if he'd like to sink to China. Justice Hoyt suspended sentence.

MAIL BY AEROPLANE

Postmaster General Hitchcock Consents to Experiment in New Method.

Washington, Sept. 16.—Not to be outdone by the British postal authorities in the carrying of mails through the air, the latest method of letter transportation, Postmaster General Hitchcock last night gave his consent to the establishment of an experimental aeroplane mail route between one of the outlying branches of the Brooklyn, N. Y., postoffice and the aerodrome at Nassau boulevard, Long Island, during the international aviation meet which will be held there from September 23 to October 1.

Aviators and their employes who will be stationed on the feild throughout the meet will be able thereby to receive their mail almost as quickly as though they were in one of the large cities.

It is probable that a special postal station will be established at the aviation field and a temporary postmaster appointed by the department to conduct the business of receiving and dispatching mails and selling postage stamps.

Officials to Watch Experiment.

During the time in which the meet is held officials of the postoffice department will watch with close interest the experiments of carrying mail by aeroplanes.

This will be the first instance in which United States mails have been officially authorized to be carried by aeroplanes. In November of last year Postmaster General Hitchcock formally approved arrangements for the carrying of a pouch of mail from the transatlantic steamer, Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, outbound to Europe, back to New York city while the vessel was off the Long Island coast. Aviator J. A. D. McCurdy was to have attempted this first official aerial transmission of mails, but because of stormy weather the attempt was not made.

British Plan Is Success.

The first successful aeroplane letter route was that opened last Saturday by the British postal administration, which began a series of experiments in the carrying of mails by aeroplane from Hendon, Eng., to Windsor Castle, a distance of almost 20 miles. Four aviators with two biplanes and two monoplanes were engaged in the work and about 100,000 letters constituted the first delivery.

These experiments have been watched with considerable interest by the United States postoffice authorities, who are of the opinion that the day when letters will be forwarded from city to city by airships is not far distant.

French Aviator Hurt in Fall.

Verdun, France, Sept. 16.—The machine of M. Nieuport, a French aviator who has been serving as a sapper with the Sixth crops in the French army maneuvers, was caught in a gust of wind as the airman rose for a flight yesterday afternoon, and was capsized. The aeroplane was smashed. M. Nieuport was unconscious when taken out of the wreckage and it is feared he is injured internally.

Minister of War Messimy, on learning of the accident to M. Nieuport, conferred upon him the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

ROOSEVELT HUNT COST $80,000

Smithsonian Foots Three-Fifths of African Expedition Bill.

Washington, Sept. 14.—In round numbers, the cost of the Roosevelt expedition into Africa under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, was $80,000. The expenses of the actual hunting were divided, the Smithsonian paying about three-fifths and Colonel Roosevelt about two-fifths. The division of expenses ceased, it was said at the institution yesterday, when Colonel Roosevelt started on his tour of Egypt and Europe, homeward bound.

Secretary Walcott is the only person who knows who were the contributors to the $57,000 spent by the institution in defraying its three-fifths of the expenses of the hunt.

DOG'S NOSE FOR FINANCE

Saved Up Change Until He Had $2—Would You Believe It?

Tarrytown, N. Y., Sept. 13.—W. A. Towner, prescription clerk in a drug store here, owns a bird dog that he says is a wonder as a financier. Yesterday Mr. Towner went to his home in Brewster and he took along a new dog collar and chain. The dog was delighted with the presents, and to show its appreciation it ran out into the yard and began digging under an old tree.

Mr. Towner watched and was amazed when the dog brought up two silver dollars and with his teeth passed them to him. It was the exact amount he paid for the collar and chain. Mr. Towner was puzzled as to where the dog got the money, but remembered on former visits he used to throw nickels and pennies in the air for the dog to catch. He believes that the dog kept some of the change and when he had enough exchanged the coins for the two silver dollars.

GOVERNORS HEAR VOTE PLEA

Dr. Anna Shaw Urges Giving Ballot to Women.

Spring Lake, N. J., Sept. 14.—Dr. Anna Shaw, president of a National Woman's Suffrage association, took her battle for the ballot to the floor of the governor's conference here today. Twenty-eight governors, among them several champions of her cause from the west, assembled half an hour earlier than usual to hear her speak. The convention hall was crowded to capacity by the wives, daughters and friends of the governors and women who had come for many miles, in some cases, to help the cause with their presence and applause.

BROOKS COMET ON LAST VISIT

Professor Leanworth Sights Wanderer Near Pole Star.

Minneapolis, Sept. 14.—Professor Francis P. Leanworth, head of the department of astronomy of the state university, has sighted the Brooks comet, recently discovered.

He says the comet is now visible to the naked eye in the early evening, near the pole star. It never will be visible again.

HE CONFESSES MURDER

Wisconsin Ex-Convict Says That He Stole Little Girl Out of Window.

Madison, Wis., Sept. 14.—John, otherwise known as "Dogskin" Johnson, last night confessed to the abduction and murder of little Annie Lemberger, the 7-year-old child whose body was found in Lake Monona last Saturday. He was immediately sentenced by Judge Anthony Lonovan to life imprisonment.

A few minutes after his confession and sentence Johnson was placed in an automobile by Sheriff Andrew Brown and hurried through side streets and across the country to the state prison at Waupun. The greatest secrecy was maintained because of fears that Johnson might be lynched.

Arrested Second Time.

Johnson was taken into custody Saturday on suspicion, but after being questioned he was released. The officers had him under surveillance all day and in the evening once more placed him under arrest.

Although the police strongly suspected Johnson of knowing something about the crime, they could not fasten the murder upon him absolutely. On the strength of their suspicion, however, he was taken into court yesterday, pleaded not guilty and was placed under a $10,000 bond, the preliminary examination being set for September 25.

The prisoner was then taken back to his cell. He was plainly frightened and hurried on ahead of the officers.

Johnson had brooded in his cell at the police station all day, following his arraignment in the morning. He had abandoned his affectation of insanity and paced restlessly back and forth. Apparently he was listening in terror for the first sounds of a mob, and at last in a paroxysm of fear he sent for Turnkey John Foic and declared he was willing to acknowledge his guilt.

Gets Girl Through Window.

In the presence of Chief of Police Shaughnessy, District Attorney Nelson and Turnkey Foic, Johnson said the deed was the result of a sudden impulse.

He had watched the little girl and her sister through the window on numerous occasions and on the fateful night, shortly after the children had fallen asleep, he raised the sash and snatched little Annie from the bed, dragged her through the window and struck her unconscious, so there would be no outcry.

He then took her to the railroad bridge and after beating her until life was extinct, threw the body into Lake Monona.

Johnson declined to make a detailed confession. He wanted to be taken at once to Waupun to escape the vengeance of the mob, and promised he would make a written and full confession after he had been safely lodged in prison.

ROBBERS GET $320,000

Burglars Make Rich Haul From Bank of Montreal at New Westminster, B. C.

New Westminsted, B. C., Sept. 16.—Three hundred and twenty thousand dollars in cash was stolen from the Bank of Montreal early yesterday. The robbers escaped.

Three men entered the bank by an unprotected little window in the rear, dug through the brick wall into the vault, wrecked the cage door and blew open the safe and took approximately $320,000 in gold and bills. They left about $80,000 more unmolested in the safe.

Chinaman Left Bound.

The first known of the robbery was when a Chinese caretaker appeared at the police station at 5:30 o'clock and gave the alarm. He managed to work loose from the bonds by which he had been tied after the robbers had departed.

It is impossible to say just when the men effected their entrance into the bank, but it is presumed that it was some time about 4 o'clock this morning, for when the Chinese janitor arrived shortly after 4 o'clock to clean up, he found the three men had been doing a little cleaning up on their own account and before the Chinaman could give the alarm, he was sandbagged and gagged and tied to a chair.

Steal Auto to Flee.

That the robbers are still in the vicinity is apparent by the finding of a powerful automobile, stolen from T. J. Trapp's garage, broken down in front of the Y. M. C. A. building. It is thought the robbers started to get away in the machine and then had to abandon it.

It is evident the robbers knew the watchman was away, for in his room the loot was tied up and blankets from his bed were used to deaden the noise of the explosion.

GROOM IS MOST BASHFUL MAN

Timidity Keeps Him From Returning Home for Nine Months.

St. Louis, Sept. 15.—The most bashful man is John E. Wilson, whose home is in Kirkwood, a fashionable suburb, where he is the president of a big construction company. His temporary abiding place is the United States.

Since he eloped in January with Miss Ella Kerth, daughter of the wealthiest merchant in Kirkwood, he and his bride have traveled through nearly every state in the union. Three times he has summoned up courage enough to start for Kirkwood to face the ordeal of receiving congratulations. But East St. Louis is as far as he got before his courage forsook him.

Mrs. Wilson came over from Indianapolis to survey the situation a week ago, but he left the train at Springfield, Ill. His bride hopes she may succeed in inducing him to return home in a few days.

GIRL IDENTIFIES ABDUCTOR

Teacher's Assailant Confesses and Is Lodged in Jail.

Langdon, N. D., Sept. 18.—Ed. Davis, confessed assailant and abductor of Miss Eleanor Gladys Price, the Manitoba school teacher, was last night positively identified by the girl as the man who appeared at the school house in Pembina Valley last Monday morning and held her captive for more than 30 hours in the timber nearby. Davis was brought here and lodged in jail yesterday.

COOKERY IN PAPER BAGS INNOVATION OF LONDON CHEF

HITHERTO there has been one lamentable gap in the invention of labor-saving devices for the kitchen. Applied science has grappled successfully with the problem of cooking, but has ignored the equally troublesome problem of washing up. How often the heart of the tired housewife has sunk within her as she has faced the ordeal not so much of cleaning a few dishes as of scouring a row of pots and pans. How often, too, the typist, or other woman worker, with no one to cater for but herself, has contented herself with some makeshift and unappetizing uncooked repast rather than undertake this disagreeable task. In vain has the mistress of the household waited for chemical science to discover some magic powder which instantaneously would dissolve the accumulated grease and leave her hands free—and uncoarsened—for other duties.

At last the longed-for deliverance appears to be within reach. The Emancipation Proclamation takes a surprising and almost incredible form. An accomplished master of cookery has hit upon a plan far more radical than anything one could have anticipated. Instead of merely attempting to eliminate grease, he goes to the root of the matter and calmly proposes to eliminate pots and pans. Do not laugh, skeptical reader, when you first hear the details of his scheme. Or, perhaps, you had better have your laugh out—for it is inevitable—and then return at once to the business in hand. His suggestion is that you should do all your cooking in—paper bags.

The pioneer of this extraordinary method is M. Nicholas Soyer, late chef of Brooks' club, London. He has, perhaps, an hereditary aptitude for the art he practices, as the name of his grandfather is one of the most famous in the annals of cookery. M. Nicholas Soyer has been experimenting in paper-bag cookery for several years, and recently has attained such definite results that he has ventured to make them public. The process is as follows: When you have "caught your hare" or, in other words, prepared the food that is to be cooked, you have to provide yourself with a paper bag or envelope of an appropriate size to wrap it up in. It is important that the bag shall be of the right quality. The paper of which it is made must be pure, sterile (in the medical sense), and greaseproof. Ordinary glazed paper is not only useless but dangerous.

Ovens Must Be at 170 Degrees.

As cooking apparatus a gas stove is especially recommended because its temperature is more easily regulated, but an oil stove will serve, or a coal-heated range, provided it includes an oven that draws well and the flues are kept scrupulously clean. The oven must be previously heated to 170 degrees Fahrenheit before the operation begins. This means lighting a gas stove from six to eight minutes before, the gas being turned on full. Meanwhile, you put the food, just as it is, into the paper bag, first greasing the inside of the bag a little with lard or dripping if you are cooking meat or fish, which might otherwise adhere to the paper. You fold the end of the bag two or three times, as you might tuck up a parcel of groceries, and fasten it with a clip at each side. When the stove is ready, you place the bag and its contents in the oven on a grid—a wire grid for preference. This grid is absolutely necessary, for it is essential that the heat of the oven shall circulate under as well as over the joint. The one exception is in the case of a small cake of the "rock" variety, which may be deposited on a tin baking sheet. Then, if you are cooking meat or fish, you lower the gas to about one-half the full pressure. The stove will do the rest.

A time-table drawn up by M. Soyer as the result of his own experience indicates when the bag should be taken out. To open the bag itself before the process is completed would, of course, ruin the whole thing But an anxious cook may test the condition of potatoes or peas, for instance, by pressing a finger upon the bag, or by pricking slight holes in it with a fork.

One May Cook Almost Anything.

But what will the paper bag system cook? Almost anything, as will be seen by the summary, in a later paragraph, of two demonstrations given by M. Soyer. You can even cook a stew, which you empty into the bag, like anything else, without a pot. Here, for instance, is a recipe for a stew:

Take four pounds of neck of mutton. Cut up in small chops. Trim off all fat. Put in a dish. Chop up finely two large onions, and place on meat with one tablespoonful of flour. Salt and pepper to taste. Color if preferred. Cut a few potatoes in two. A little sweet herbs tied up (one bay leaf, a sprig of thyme, and a little parsley). Two or three tomatoes and a few green peas, if handy. Add a tumblerful of cold water. Mix up and empty into strong paper bag. Seal up. Put on wire minutes. It will then be ready to dish.

But the main feature in which the Soyer recipes differ from others is a simple statement of the time required. A few specimens may be quoted: Seven pounds fish, 50 minutes; 3 pounds fish, 30 minutes; 1 pound fish, 18 minutes; 18 pounds beef, 2¼ hours; 9 pounds beef, 1¼ hours; 3 pounds beef, 45 minutes; 8 pounds leg of mutton, 1½ hours; sausage, 8 minutes; large chickens, 40 minutes; young chicken, 40 minutes; spring chicken, 25 minutes; old chicken, 60 minutes; stew for 6 persons, 40 minutes; potatoes, 30 minutes; peas, 25 to 30 minutes. For "sweets" and for milk puddings—which require to be placed in a dish within the paper bag—allow ten minutes less than by any other method.

Two especially interesting demonstrations of the new method have been given by its inventor. The first took place at a West End restaurant, in London, where M. Soyer undertook to cook a lunch of 8 courses for 3 Opeople in an hour and a half. His most startling success was a stew. "When the master hand," writes one who was present, "cut a slice of beef into bits, and poured into the bag tomatoes, onions, carrots, pieces of ham, one or two mushrooms, a pinch of flour, salt, pepper, and a little thyme and parsley, and then some concoction to give color to the stew, and added a little water, the spectators looked as if they expected the bag and its contents to part company. But they did not. The stew was the achievement of the afternoon." Other things cooked for this luncheon were beef, duck, veal (seasoned with carrots, onions, peas, parsley and tomaotes), kidneys, mackerel, turbot, apples, pastry, chicken, green peas in the English and French styles, quail, potatoes, salmon and trout. The one failure was the asparagus, owing to a miscalculation of time, so that this vegetable had to be returned to the stove to be finished.

A Severe Test.

Perhaps an even severer test was that faced by M. Soyer in providing a midnight supper in the printing office of a newspaper. His apparatus was an old gas stove, fixed in a corner under a spiral staircase, and in close neighborhood to presses and other impedimenta. The room was full of printers, and sub-editors and proofreaders were constantly passing in and out. Within three-quarters of an hour he had cooked a kidney stew, salmon, turbot, bacon and eggs, sausage, chops and peas—ten dishes in all, which, under ordinary methods would have required 15 saucepans and a frying-pan, and would have involved two hours' hard word.

From this account most readers will already have been able to infer for themselves certain advantages of the paper-bag method. The principal merits claimed for it may be summarized as follows:

It gets rid of pots and pans to be scoured, there are only a few browned paper bags to be put into the fire. The oven itself requires no cleaning when the cooking is over. There is no need to enlarge on the resultant gain to the cook as regards labor, hands, and temper.

The actual process of cooking becomes itself much less trying. Less time and attention are required. There is no basting over a hot fire. No unpleasant fumes have to be encountered. Indeed, as each bag retains within itself the odors of its own contents, several dishes may be cooked in one oven at the same time without harm to one another. A joint may be placed on the lower grid, sweets on a center grid, and fish on a grid at the top, and all may be cooked simultaneously. So free is the kitchen from offensive smells that one might almost venture to transfer the process to the drawing room.

The retention of the oils and essences adds to the flavor of the food. M. Soyer points out that, in cooking peas or new potatoes, a single leaf of mint will do the work of several sprigs according to other methods. If you put in more than two, he warns you that you will not be eating peas, but mint.

Cost of Living Is Reduced.

Waste is eliminated. Ordinarily roasted meats lose four ounces to every pound. In paper bags they lose nothing.

The cost of living is reduced in several respects. (a) Your butcher's bill is automatically lowered when you are able to make a 3-pound joint go as far as a 4-pound joint went before. (b) M. Soyer estimates that there is a saving of 40 per cent in fuel, partly due to the shorter time required, and partly to the possibility of cooking several dishes together. (c) There is a further economy in apparatus, through the elimination of several articles in the customary batterie de cuisine—not only pots and pans, but cleaners of various kinds.

A kitchen run on the paper-bag system is much less likely to attract rats and other vermin.

It remains to say ysomething of the way in which this discovery has been placed before the public. A few weeks ago M. Soyer, having completed his experiments, invited the London press to send representatives to examine his system. Only one paper, the London Daily Chronicle, thought it worth while to respond. That journal sent a member of its staff to look into the matterr, and, after testing M. Soyer's claims, published an account of its inquiries. Arrangements were made with a London paper manufacturer to prepare a bag of the quality required. The announcement by the Daily Chronicle that a satisfactory bag had been devised, and that a sample would be sent free to any applicant, brought to the office 20,000 letters within two days.

DROPS IN FIERY CRATER

Scientist Makes Perilous Descent of Inside of Mt. Vesuvius.

Naples, Sept. 13.—Surrounded by swirling flames and suffocating gases, and with the sinister rumbling of subterranean convulsions thundering in his ears, Prof. Cappello of the Royal observatory, defied nature in its most terrifying form when he caused himself to be lowered into the smoking maw of Vesuvius yesterday.

The eruptions of Etna, which are usually followed by disturbances from the mighty destroyer of Pompeii and Herculaneum, moved the scientist to his feat in order that he might take observations which would be useful in forecasting future menaces from Europe's unchained monster.

Prof. Capello had made thorough preparations for his descent and, accompanied by a corps of assistants, he appeared on the summit of the volcano with an oxygen helmet and other appliances ready to invade the vitals of the earth.

Rigged in a Chair.

A "boatswain's chair" was rigged on the end of a rope and the professor, seated therein, was lowered through the steam and reek of incipient death several hundred feet into the crater. The journey led past subcraters spouting sulphurous fumes and steam and from which trickled streams of lava to the bottom of the huge wound in the earth thousand of feet below.

Hangs Over Horrible Death.

For more than an hour he hung suspended over an unknown but horrible death, and when he reached the surface he had procured data from which he hopes to frame a warning to the thousands within the peril of future eruptions.

Messages received here yesterday from Catania say that the crest of Mount Etna now presents a terrifying spectacle. Heavy smoke lies over it, with frequent brilliant flashes, and the bombardment, which is continuous along a line nearly two miles in extent, is like the firing of heavy artillery.

A torrent of burning lava, estimated at 2,000 feet wide and four feet deep, is pouring down the slope. Everything in its way has been carried before. Groves of trees have been uprooted and set on fire and the lava stream is sweeping through the fields, sending out for miles around hot resinous waves of smoke.

The peasants have left their homes, carrying with them the aged, the sick and the children, and whatever meager belongings they were able to get together.

FOR $1,000 QUITS CIGARETTES

Springfield, Mass., Sept. 18.—Harold Frary, 18 years old, captain of the Central high school track team, has received $1.000 from a relative for abstaining from the use of cigaretes for one year.

MAIL ORDER MARKET

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line). Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than twenty-one lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue

MALE HELP WANTED.

WANTED—Young man of good character to learn automobile and aeronautical business and open garage and automobile agency after completing. We will furnish the proper man with tools and equipment for garage and select town. $175.00 profit on each car sold. We secure agency without any investment for demonstrating car. All agents receive training in factory where cars are built, before opening business. Training by mail to begin with. Write for Plan No.171 which gives full information. The Automobile College of Washington, Washington, D.C.

MEN wanted for government positions. October examinations everywhere. Influence unnecessary. $90.00 a month. Annual vacations. Write for list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. N-52, Rochester, N. Y.

LEARN automobile engineering at home, spare time. Easy to learn. Convenient payments; auto model free. Big demand; salaries increasing; we assist you to position. Free catalog. U. S. Correspondence Institute, Dept. 18, Elmira, N. Y.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

WE solicit your order by mail for our special value $12.50, $15 and $20 ready to wear suits. Fall catalogue with samples and instructions for self measuring ready for mailing. Write today. Jackson's, Clothiers, Hatters, Furnishers, 954 Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. Match us if you can.

SEND 10 cents silver for formula for hair preparation which will positively cure dandruff and stop falling hair. The Haire Co., Mowrystown, O.

FOR SALE—5,000 shares Night Hawk (Wash.) at 1½c (one and half cents). Write for special offer. Box 33, St. Augustine, Fla.

JUST OUT—Book you want, boys, and list other books, 10c. Atod Co., West Jefferson, O.

TOBACCO HABIT.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED or No Cost—Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. Sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

HELP WANTED.

500 men 20 to 40 years old wanted at once for Electric Railway Motormen and Conductors; $60 to $100 a month; no experience necessary; fine opportunity; no strike; write immediately for application blank. Address Box 500, care of Weekly Blade, Toledo, O.

CLAIRVOYANT.

FORTUNE TOLD: Past and future, love, marriage, business and all matters of life carefully treated. Send birthdate and 6c in stamps. Geo. A. Millet, St. John's, Newfoundland.

PERSONAL.

LISTEN—DON'T READ THIS IF YOU DON'T care where your money goes. We can show you how to save half or more on anything you need, whether it be a paper of needles or a $500 diamond, groceries, men's, ladies' and boy's clothing, furniture, jewelry or any merchandise. Best granulated sugar at 4c a pound; Uneeda Biscuits, 2c; 5 bars Lenox soap, 14c; best $12 suits of clothes, $4.75; best $20 suit, $8.75; best guaranteed $25 sewing machine, $10.65; floor oil cloth, 18c a yard; ladies' guaranteed 14-k solid gold watch, $9.50; or anything you can think of at the same low prices; booklets free, city, country or anywhere; write or call; lady agents wanted everywhere. The Harrison System, 202 Pittsburgh Life Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LADIES—When delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

WISE WOMEN and discreet men use our remedies, toilet necessities, rubber goods, appliances, etc. "Hints and Helps" and illustrated catalogue 2c. Address Webster Specialty Co., Dept. J, Chicago

MARRY—Many wealthy members will marry. All ages. Description free. Reliable Club, Dept. 56, Box 20, Oakland, Cal.

ARE you lonesome? Secure ideal friends; list of members sealed 10c. World Friendship Club, Dept. 13, Laconia, N. H.

WANTED—More advertisers to know that TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is a big business getter. Use its columns every issue and get big results. Advertising rates reasonable, circulation guaranteed. Address, Weekly Blade, Toledo, O.

A five-line advertisement, same size and style as the above, will cost only $3.00 for one insertion in the

Mail Order Market Column of

The Toledo Weekly Blade

You can place your proposition in a Quarter Million Homes, from Maine to California, and before over a Million Readers every week.

A new business can be started or you can buy, sell or trade by using the Mail Order Market of The Toledo Weekly Blade.

FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW.

MAIL ORDER MARKET.

Figure 7 words to a line, each line costing 60c. Send cash with order. Address your letter to Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Gentlemen—I enclose copy of an advertisement to measure..... lines, which I desire you to insert in the MAIL ORDER MARKET. I am sending remittance of $..... to cover the cost of same.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State.....

MT. ETNA LOSS IS $20,000,000

Volcano Continues to Throw Out Lava, Cinders and Ashes.

Catania, Sicily, Sept. 16.—Clouds of smoke from Mount Etna hid the sky yesterday. The volcano continued to throw out lava, cinders, and ashes from the craters and a hundred new fissures.

The river of lava flowing to the north has separated into four main streams, the largest of which is moving toward Alcantar and is two miles from Francavilla. The railway station of Solicchiata is in immediate danger.

It is estimated that the present eruption has caused property loss of $20,000,000.

Marauders yesterday took advantage of the excitement of the people in the vicinity of the volcano and looted abandoned houses and destroyed vineyards and plantations before the lava reached them.

BANKER WALSH TO BE FREED

Federal Prison Commission Likely to Grant Parole This Week.

Washington, Sept. 19.—John R. Walsh, the Chicago bank wrecker, who is serving time in the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kas., will be paroled this week.

The federal prison commission meets in Leavenworth this week. Banker Walsh has served out one-third of his five-year sentence, and on the first day of this month was entitled to a parole.

Last week the commission met in Atlanta, where Bank Wrecker Morse is imprisoned. It will be four years before his case can come before the commission for a parole, as he was sentenced to a 15-year prison term, of which he has served but one year.

BOY BURNS SISTER TO DEATH

"Just Because," Child's Reason for Setting Torch to Baby.

Charlotte, N. C., Sept. 19.—The burning of the two-year-old child of E. G. Friday, a farmer of Iredell, by her brother, four years old, became known yesterday. The older child deliberately ignited a small torch and applied it to the clothing of his baby sister. The girl died shortly afterward.

When asked his reason for the act, the child replied:

"Just because." He has repeatedly set fire to furnishings of the house and is possessed of a mania for fire.

SUN RAYS TO RUN MACHINE?

Philadelphia Man Claims He Has Harnessed Light.

Philadelphia, Sept. 16.—Frank Shuman, a mechanical engineer here, asserts he has succeeded in harnessing the rays of the sun so they will do manual labor. After working ten years and spending more than $100,000, Shuman is able to raise 3,000 gallons of water to the height of 100 feet every minute.

TOBACCO HABIT
Conquered in 3 days.

I offer a genuine, guaranteed Remedy for tobacco or snuff habit, in 72 hours. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. Overcomes that peculiar nervousness and craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco or snuff. One ban in 10 can use tobacco without apparent injury; to the other nine it is poisonous and seriously injurious to health, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, gas, belching, gunwing, or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach, constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigor, red spots on skin, thread irritation, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, catarrh, melancholy, neuralgia, impotency, loss of memory and will-power, impure (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite, bad teeth, foul breath, enervation, lassitude, lack of ambition, falling out of hair, baldness, and many other disorders. It is unsafe and torturing to attempt to cure yourself of tobacco or snuff habit by merely stopping—don't do it. The gentle, safe, agreeable way is to eliminate the nicotine poison from the system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes and nerves and genuinely overcome the craving. STOP RUINING YOUR LIFE

BOOK FREE You can quit tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better in every way and feel healthy always in robust health. My FREE book tells all about the wonderful 5 days Method. Inexpensive, reliable. Also Secret Remedy for conquering habit in mother without his knowledge. Full particulars including my book on Tobacco and Snuff Habit mailed in plain wrapper, free. Don't delay. Keep this show to others. This ad's may not appear again. Address EDW. J. WOOD

The Peace Page.

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH AYRES

THE BLADE BOOK

By BLADE WRITERS

College Days.

FOR Chapter Sixteenth of The Blade Book, we have something different from anything that has gone before. It is a glimpse of college life in the State College of Washington, written by Mrs. Olive Coppock, of Ramsey, Idaho, who, at one time was a student in the Washington college, and writes of her experiences there. I think you will find her story pleasant reading.

Dear Friends of the Peace Page—I am going to take a part of this lovely August day, to visit, and, because my best hat is in need of repair, and my best gown is soiled, I shall just visit on paper.

I wonder how many of the friends of our page have attended a western college? Not many, so far west as Washington, I suppose. The college in which I spent two years, was the State College of Washington, and enrolled some 1,800 students. The campus is lovely in summer, being situated at the top of a hill, known as College Hill. It is an agricultural college, but nearly every branch of learning is pursued. It is a co-educational school. While there, I lived in Stevens Hall, the dormitory for girls. Who says girls do not have jolly times when away at school? Not anyone who has lived in a hall, filled with such healthy, happy young women as filled the old "dorm" then. There are 50 rooms in the hall. Most are double and there are many suites. There are just about one hundred living under its roof.

When school opens, it is the "duty" of the boys who have been there during previous years, to initiate the 'Rooks," as the boys just entering are called. One night, I was awakened by the tramp of many feet. I jumped out of bed and glanced out of my window. The grounds in front of our hall were rapidly filling with a crowd of men students. I soon found it was the old students conducting about a hundred "Rooks," or so. They had been hustled out of bed and made to come along. When they thought every girl was surely up and watching the "Rooks" were crowned with bricks and snapped by the ever present photographer.

Then we were given some selections of popular songs, after which they moved on.

"Poor boys," I thought, but then, it would be their turn the following year.

Next was the tug of war between the "Sophs" and "Freshies." At the back of the campus is a small lake, at that time of the year little more than a puddle. Its real name is Silver Lake, but by the students it is known as "Lake de Puddle." Twenty-five picked freshmen and the same number of Sophomores got on either side of the lake, each having hold of the end of a rope, which was stretched across it. Crowds of students, professors and friends lined the banks. At the signal, each began to pull, the object being to see which could pull the other through the lake. For ten minutes, perhaps, neither moved an inch. Then the crowd yelled and went wild as the "Freshies," slowly but surely, were dragged through the muddy water to the other side.

In a few weeks came the big rally. It was on the eve of the football game at Moscow, Idaho, where the University of that state is located: The girl who always planned things on our floor, suggested that we have a rally also, so when supper was over, we hurried out of the dining room and away to our rooms. Hastily putting on our disguises, which consisted of anything we might have at hand, and a paper mask, we descended, singing our college rally songs and dancing the serpentine.

The Preceptress could only laugh with the rest, even if we were disobeying rules by singing in the halls. The photographer had been informed and made our pictures down in the play room. The rally was made up from the auditorium. I have never heard such unearthly noise and so much of it, either before or since. The bonfires and speeches which followed were "great;" however we won the game, and none who attended, will forget that hard fought battle that afternoon in the rain.

Those who were too far away from home to spend Thanksgiving were made to feel as much at home as possible at the hall. We had a regular old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner. Then there were charades in the parlors, which were filled with guests.

Do not think, friends, that we did no studying. We did study, and hard, too. From 7 until 10:30 every evening except Friday, Saturday and Sunday, were study hours—then woe to the girl whom the preceptress found visiting or disturbing the quiet of the hall.

I remember one night she caught one of the jolliest girls on our floor masquerading in company with two others whom she failed to get, as they hid. The preceptress asked the "jolly girl" who was with her, but she would not say, whereupon she was taken to the parlor and compelled to sit there in her outlandish costume until half after 10 o'clock. But the worst mortification was that her "gallant" called for the purpose of making an engagement with her. She told us about it the next morning, and the shrieks of laughter which went up from our floor must have penetrated even to the preceptress' domain, if so, she could not have been much in doubt as to their cause.

Then there were our class parties. Each of us was expected to attend, and each was accompanied by an escort—boys from our class. I am afraid we did not always attend strictly to business at these gatherings.

We had our tragedy also. One of our brightest, most promising young men was accidentally shot by a fellow-student. Both were active Christian workers, casting an influence for good over their associates. We attended the funeral, held in the old armory. It was conducted by the cadets, of which he was a captain. They fired a salute over his casket and the bugle sounded Taps. How sad it was! Henceforth, every evening when Taps was sounded we remembered the bright young lad whose life went out so suddenly.

Many times my husband and I get down the college annual, and I tell him of this one and that one. Then it all comes back to me and I seem to be again among those girlhood scenes.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Jane Jones said to me: "I've took notice there's two subjects it ain't safe to start talking about, an' them two is divorce and woman's suffrage. Somebody's sure to git mad every time, an' so far, gittin' mad hasn't settled either question."

You cannot do more than you can; but do what you can, the best that you can, and that is as much as you can do.

When the leaves come rustling down, you will bring youself no joy by saying "the melancholy days have come." Leaves have their time to fall, so that new ones may take their places.

Cultivate faith more than you do suspicion. Suspicious characters in more than one sense, are not pleasant characters to have around.

When the children are exasperating and raise "Sam Hill," whatever that may be, kindly remember that once you were a child and it is quite likely that you did a little in the line of Sam Hill raising yourself.

Cultivate the habit of being pleasant spoken and forget to break yourself of it.

The best of things, not "any old thing," should be for those with whom you live—for those at home.

Smiles are better than tears or frowns, any hour of the day or week.

Many a trouble may be averted, if some one who is "sticking around," only knows when it is time to laugh. Too many things we take too seriously.

Never be stingy with kindness. It is something that grows by giving away.

Practice living by the give and take system. You'll not find yourself coming out at the little end of the horn.

The less attention you pay to sharp words, the fewer you will hear.

If you will not fuss about little bothers, you will find that few big troubles come your way.

Forget to be a fusser.

Be a booster, not a knocker.

POEMS REQUESTED

The song with this title is wanted: O, Tell Us Merry Birds of Spring.

These words are clue to an asked-for song or poem: How the old folks would enjoy it, they would sit all night and listen.

Sister and I, is the title of a poem, one of our friends and fellow country-woman would like to have.

In the Shadow of the Pines and Two Little Girls in Blue are poems which will help to make happy a lady friend of ours out in New Mexico. We have had them both, but they seem to be lost.

Away down in dear old Georgia, my dear old southern home, is requested.

One of our readers is very anxious to get the poem called Marg. Opening lines are: She warn't to say handsome, wall, yes she wus, for handsome, you know, is as handsome does.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

IN MICHIGAN

Dear M. G. R's.—I thought I should like to write a few lines from the dear old state of Michigan. Those of you who live in the hot, sultry states of the south, where the weather must be so blistering hot, do not know what it is to enjoy a climate where the air is cool and invigorating, as it blaws over Lakes Michigan, Superior and Huron, or over the many inland lakes. Our streams abound with fish of many kinds, and fishing makes very enjoyable recreation when one can spare a day from thinning sugar beets and cultivating beans. Our beets bring us from $75 to $100 per acre. Chicory is even more profitable, and beans bring $30 to $50 per acre.

Last year wheat turned from 30 to 50 bushels per acre and other crops accordingly, so you see we have every reason to be grateful for so congenial a climate.

It is needless to say how much I enjoy reading the letters from the M. G. R's. I enjoy, most of all, hearing from other parts of the country.

Every country has its advantages and disadvantages. The long winters of Michigan, are the greatest drawback we have. They last nearly three and a half months, but the snow affords a fine covering for wheat and clover, so it is really beneficial.

Now, I will tell you something about myself. I am nearing the 30-year mark and am single, but not by choice, by any means. Fate seems to have ruled it thus. With good wishes for all of the readers, and especially so for Elizabeth, I will sign my name —The Old Timer, Michigan.

NEBRASKA LAND

Dear M. G. Rs.—As I have never noticed any letters from this part of Nebraska, I thought I would write a little. I live in Dawes county, near the Niobrara and White rivers, where much ice-cutting is done in the winters, and fishing in the summer. This is the country for healthy people. Some say they can live on the air out here.

We live on the beautiful Pine Ridge. We can go thirty miles north and south, without crossing a canyon on this ridge. Since we have lived here, we have found a few old relics. We find many pieces of Indian arrow heads and there are many buffalo wallows in the country.

Well, I just returned from a pleasure ride from the hill of Lookout. This is a hill that can be seen from all over the country.

Come out and see us, and you can have a horseback ride over the hills. Now, I will sing my song:

My heart is light and free,
Care I'll not borrow;
There's health and joy for me,
In what so ere I do.

This is all from—Blue-Eyed Della, Belmont, Nebraska.

A VIRGINIA BOY

Dear M. G. R.'s—I have been thinking a long time of taking a ride with you, but I was afraid that you would kick me off. I will risk the kick and try to light on my feet, so there.

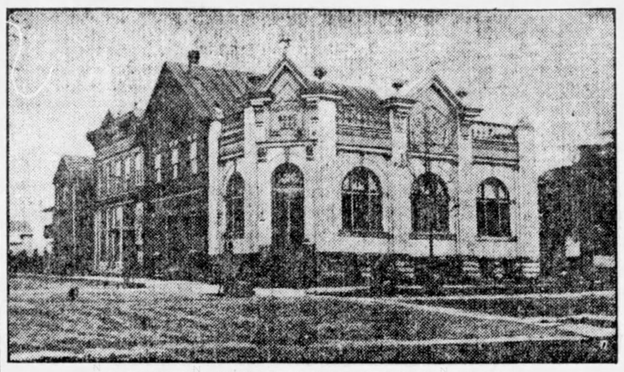
Friends, do you want to know how I look. I am a brown-eyed, black-haired Virginia boy, 19 years old. I am five feet and eight inches tall, and weigh only 130 pounds. I suppose I look some like a farmer, as I have worked on a farm all of my life. I mean, since I have been large enough to work. I taught school one winter, and it is all but a pleasant occupation for me. The teaching is all right, but Oh, how discouraging it is, when you cannot teach the mischievous little chaps, and I might say, some of the larger ones, what they go to school for.

I love The Blade very much, especially the Peace Page. My father has been a subscriber for more than 20 years.

How many of you M. G. R.'s are students of the Ransomerian school of penmanship? I have been a Ransomerian for some time, and shall receive a diploma of graduation on penmanship, when I complete. I am now preparing to take an examination with Uncle Sam. I want to be a department clerk for him. I have already received my admission card for the examination to be held Sept. the 28th.

My letter is getting long, so I had better make a stop here. If this gets a seat on the Merry-Go-Round, I may try again. With best wishes to everyone, I will step off.—D. E. Jennings, Sylvatus, Virginia.

Now, really, my friend, do you think you are likely to get "kicks' from the Peace Page? Guess again. Thank you for your card. It is very well written.—Elizabeth.



BEVERLY BANK, BEVERLY, WEST VIRGINIA.
From a post card sent by Amanda Shannon, one of the Peace Page girls.

CAMP POINT, ILLINOIS

Dear Friends—As I have never seen any letters from this section of Illinois, I will try to write one. This part of the state is called the Garden Spot of Illinois. The crops raised here are corn, wheat, oats and hay. Land is high, the prices per acre ranging from $100 to $200.

I am a farmer's boy, 19 years old, and nearly six feet tall. As this is a kind of descriptive letter, perhaps it is getting rather long. Hoping it may prove interesting to some, and wishing The Blade success, I remain Ralph Hunter, Illinois.

The Nifties and the Indian

ELIZABETH AYRES

CHAPTER XIV.

Exit the Farmer.

Jack's exclamation set the Indian's mind at rest. He decided to follow Jack's plan and take his chances. Some way, since he had come to know the Nifties, he dreaded to go away by himself, where he might never see them again. They were such good fellows, and so anxious to help him, that he resolved to do as they said, even if it meant falling again into the hands of the farmer.

They went to bed almost immediately after Jack had told them his idea, so they might be covered with their blankets should the farmer come looking for the Indian. They left the barn door open in order to have it appear as if they had nothing to conceal, and lay awake and watchful, almost smothering in the blankets they had drawn up to the tops of their heads, making it impossible to tell one boy from the other. The Indian was the last one from the door. Jack lay almost in front of it. Sure enough, as they had expected, the farmer appeared. They could hear the clump of his heavy boots while he was still some distance away. Jack gave the warning.

"Duck under, Indian," he said in a piercing whisper. "He's coming!"

Brooksie gave a nervous giggle.

"Shut up," mumbled Freckles from the folds of his blanket.

The farmer carried a lantern and flashed it in Jack's face when he reached the door. Jack sat up, rubbing his eyes, as though he was awakened out of a sound slumber.

"Hey, there, you kids," the farmer shouted, "it's time to quit fooling. Hand out that boy, or I'll come in an' get him. I mean what I say, and I don't intend to stand any more of your nonsense."

"What boy are you after?" Jack inquired innocently, rubbing his eyes and yawning as if he were very sleepy.

"The one you call the Indian. Is he in here?" the farmer returned.

"Why, has he run away?" Jack inquired, as if much surprised.

"Yes," the farmer replied shortly.

"You can count us. We're four in number. Maybe another one slipped in when I wasn't looking, but you can count us," Jack told him, settling himself cozily in his blanket, as if he had no further interest in the matter.

"And be quick about it," directed Freckles, speaking for the first time since the farmer's arrival. You're getting to be a regular nuisance around this camp."

The farmer stepped in the door and threw the light of his lantern on the line of blanketed bodies. It was easily to be seen that only four boys were there, and he turned away, uttering an expletive of anger.

"He can't go far between now and mornin', but then I can overtake him," he said. "If I don't, I'm going to watch you kids. I think you all know about him. You'll hear from me again," he threatened.

The "snickers" that came from under the blankets told that the Nifties were not much alarmed, and while the farmer's lantern marked his receding steps, Jack arose from his bed and performed a noiseless war dance across the barn floor.

There was little sleep for the boys that night. They were fearful lest daybreak might come and catch them napping, and, it was in the dim, gray of the early morning when the Indian stole away into the woods, to hide in some thicket. He promised to keep within hearing distance, and to come at once when he heard the Nifties call.

The Kid and his father reached the camp earlier than the boys had expected. This time the Kid's father came in an automobile, and the Nifties heard its "honk, honk," in the distance. They did not think about its being the herald of the Kid's arrival, until its furious blasts, approaching the barn, told them who was coming. They were tired from their long night's vigil and had been sleeping, but the honk of the horn brought them wide awake in an instant.

"Here's my father," the Kid announced, proudly; "he'll fix things all right."

They exchanged cordial good mornings, and then the Nifties began to relate the latest developments in the fortunes of the Indian. "And he's hiding out in the woods now, waiting for the signal that it's safe to come in," said Freckles, when the story was finished.

"Give him the signal now," the Kid's father told him. "I think we can arrange it so his troubles with the farmer will soon be over. Bring in the Indian."

The Kid sounded the horn of the auto, and the other boys whistled through their fingers, making an ear-splitting din. It brought the Indian in a hurry. He came leaping out of the woods, and ran like a deer toward the group.

"It's all right," the Kid shouted, "Here's my father. He's a lawyer."

The Kid's father smiled at the tone of pride in his son's voice, and laid his hand affectionately on his shoulder. He looked, at the Indian kindly, while the boy stood before him uncertain what to do or say.

"My son has told me all about you," the lawyer said, "and of what a hard time you've been having. I think we can straighten things out and get you away from the farmer. Do you wish to leave him?"

"Oh, yes, sir," the Indian answered, quickly. "I want to go to town and get some kind of a job. I can earn my own living if I have the chance."

"Well, I think we can arrange it without need of any more runaway expeditions. It's my opinion that you boys have annoyed the farmer more than necessary, but we'll see what can be done, and we'll see to it right away. I'll go and hunt him up and have a talk with the fellow."

It was unnecessary to do any hunting, for the farmer was already approaching, making straight for the Indian, with a look of triumph in his eyes. His expression changed when he saw the Kid's father standing with the boys, and he hesitated, as if in doubt whether to advance or retreat. The lawyer went to meet him, and the two men stood apart, talking together. The Indian watched them anxiously.

"Do you think he can fix it?" he whispered to the Kid.

"Course he can," was the confident answer. "My father can fix anything."

After a few moments' conversation, during which the farmer gesticulated violently, the two men separated, seemingly on friendly terms. The farmer, without a glance in the direction of the one he had fought to possess, left the camp and passed out of the Indian's life.

Concluded next week.

POETS' CORNER

BRIER-ROSE

By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyeson.

Said Brier-Rose's mother to the naughty Brier-Rose:
"What will become of you, my child, the Lord Almighty knows.
You will not scrub the kettles and you will not touch the broom;
And you never sit a minute still at spinning wheel or loom."

Thus grumbled in the morning, and grumbled late at eve,
The good wife, as she bustled with pot and tray and sieve;
But Brier-Rose she laughed and she cocked her dainty head:
"Why, I shall marry, mother dear," full merrily, she said.

"You merry, saucy Brier-Rose! The man, he is not found
To marry such a worthless wench, these seven leagues around."
But Brier-Rose, she laughed and trilled a merry lay:
"Perhaps he'll come, my mother dear, from eight leagues away."

The good wife, with a "humph" and a sigh, forsook the battle,
And flung her pots and pails about with much vindictive rattle:
"O Lord, what sin did I commit in youthful day and wild,
That thou hast punished me in age with such a wayward child."

Up stole the girl on tiptoe, so that none her step could hear,
And laughing pressed an airy kiss behind the good-wife's ear,
And she, as e'er, relenting, sighed: "Oh! Heaven only knows
Whatever will become of you, my naughty Brier-Rose!"

The sun was high, the summer sounds were teeming in the air;
The clank of scythes, the cricket's whir, and swelling wood-notes rare,
From field and copse and meadow; and through the open door
Sweet, fragrant whiffs of new-mown hay the idle breezes bore.

Then Brier-Rose grew pensive, like a bird of thoughtful mien,
Whose little life has problems among the branches green.
She heard the river brawling where the tide was swift and strong,
She heard the summer singing its strange alluring song.

Then out she skipped the meadows o'er and gazed into the sky;
Her heart o'erbrimmed with gladness, she scarce herself knew why,
And to a merry tune she hummed, "Oh, Heaven only knows
Whatever will become of the naughty Brier-Rose!"

Whene'er a thrifty matron this idle maid espied,
She shook her head in warning, and scarce her wrath could hide
For girls were made for housewives, for spinning-wheel and loom,
And not to drink the sunshine and wild flowers' sweet perfume.

And oft the maidens cried, when the Brier-Rose went by,
"You cannot knit a stocking, you cannot make a pie."
But Brier-Rose, as was her wont, she cocked her curly head;
But I can sing a pretty song," full merrily she said.

And oft the young lads shouted, when they saw the maid at play:
"Ho, good-for-nothing Brier-Rose, how do you do today?"
Then she shook her tiny fist; to her cheeks the color flew:
"However much you coax me, I'll never dance with you."

Thus flew the years light-winged over Brier-Rose's head,
Till she was twenty summers old and yet remained unwed.
And all the parish wondered: "The Lord Almighty knows
Whatever will become of that naughty Brier-Rose!"

And while they wondered came the Spring a-dancing o'er the hills;
Her breath was warmer than of yore, and all the mountain rills,
With tinkling and their rippling and their rushing, filled the air,
And the misty sounds of water forthwelling everywhere.

And in the valleys depth, like a lusty beast of prey,
The river leaped and roared aloud and tossed its mane of spray;
Then hushed again its voice to a softly splashing croon,
As dark it rolled beneath the sun and white beneath the moon.

It was a merry sight to see the lumber as it whirled
Adown the eddies that hissed and seethed and swirled,
Now shooting through the rapids, and, with a reeling swing,
Into the foam-crest diving like an animated thing.

But in the narrows of the rocks where o'er a steep incline
The waters plunged and wreathed in foam the dark boughs of the pine.
The lads kept watch with shout and song and sent each straggling beam
A spinning down the rapids, lest it should lock the stream.

And yet—methinks I hear it now—
voices in the night,
A rush of feet, a dog's harsh bark,
torches' flaring light;
And wandering gusts of dampness
round us far and nigh,
A throbbing boom of water like
pulse-beat in the sky.

The dawn just pierced the pallid
with spears of gold and red
As we, with boat-hooks in our
towards the narrows sped
And terror smote us; for we heard
mighty treetops sway
And thunder, as of chariots, and
ing showers of spray.

"Now, lads," the sheriff shouted,
are strong, like Norway's rock;
A hundred crowns I give to him
breaks the lumber lock!
For if another hour goes by, the
waters spoil
Our homes will be, and fields, and
weary years of toil."

We looked each at the other; e
hoped his neighbor would
Brave death and danger for his
as valiant Norsemen should.
But at our feet the brawling tide
panded like a lake,
The whirling beams came shooting
and the firm rocks quake.

"Two hundred crowns!" the sher
cried, and breathless stood
crowd.
"Two hundred crowns, my bonny lad
In anxious tones and loud.
But not a man came forward, and
one spoke or stirred,
And nothing save the thunder of
cataract was heard.

But as with trembling hands and fal
ing hearts we stood,
We spied a little curly head emergi
from the wood,
We heard a little snatch of a mer
little song,
And saw the dainty Brier Rose co
dancing through the throng.

An angry murmur rose from the p
ple round about.
"Fling her into the river!" we hea
the matrons shout;
"Chase her away, the silly thing;
God Himself scarce knows
Why ever He created that worthl
Brier Rose."

Sweet Brier Rose, she heard their cri
a little pensive smile
Across her fair face flitted, that mig
a stone beguile;
And then she gave her pretty head
rougish little cock
"Hand me a boat-hook, lads," she sa
"I think I'll break the lock."

Derisive shouts of laughter broke fr
throats of young and old;
"Ho! good-for-nothing Brier Rose, yo
tongue was ever bold."
And mockingly a boat-hook into h
hands was flung,
When, lo! into the river's midst w
daring leaps she sprung!

We saw her dimly through a mist
dense and blinding spray;
From beam to beam she skipped li
a water sprite at play
And now and then faint gleams
caught of color through the mi
A crimson waist, a golden head, a l
tle, dainty wrist.

In terror pressed the people to t
margin of the hill;
A hundred breathe were bated, a hu
dred hearts stood still;
For, hark! from out the rapids came
strange and creaking sound
And then a crash of thunder wh
shook the very ground.

The waters hurled the lumber ma
down o'er the rocky steep;
We heard a muffled rumbling and
rolling in the deep;
We saw a tiny form, which the torre
swiftly bore
And flung into the wild abyss, wh
it was seen no more.

Oh, little, naughty Brier Rose, th
could'st not weave nor spin.
Yet thou could'st do a braver deed th
all thy mocking kin;
For thou had'st courage e'en to d
and by thy deed to save
A thousand farms and lives from t
fury of the wave.

And yet the adage lives, in the val
of thy birth;
When wayward children spend th
days in idleness and mirth.
Oft mothers say, half smiling, h
sighing, "Heaven knows
Whatever will become of the naugh
Brier Rose!" —F. B. G.

THE RULE FOR BIRDS' NESTE

Old Rhyme.

The robin and the red-breast,
The robin and the wren;
If ye take out o' their nest,
Ye'll never thrive agen.

The robin and the red-breast,
The marten and the swallow;
If ye touch one o' their eggs,
Bad luck will surely follow!

Two lines of an old, old song wa
ed are these: Kiss me mother, do n
weep. Now I lay me down to sleep

It strikes me that is one of the te
ful ones. Well, if you like to w
far be it from me to stop you.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

IN HOOSIER LAND

Dear Readers—As I have just finished reading the Peace Page, I thought I would put my thoughts in action and get busy in writing a few lines to The Blade. I have been a silent reader of The Blade for a long time, and I enjoy the whole paper. It does one good to read the letters from the different ones in various places, and the poems and songs. I very much enjoy the continued stories and I read almost everything in the paper.

I am a farmer's wife and live near the state capital in the dear old Hoosier state, although East Tennessee is my native land, and I still have a longing for the sunny, southern hills. I enjoy all the letters from Tennessee so much.

We have had a very dry summer, and just now things look a little blue, yet there is always plenty and "some." Corn, wheat, tomatoes, sweet corn and peas are the main crops. Some tobacco is grown.

The J. T. Polk Sunlight canning factory is situated near the little town of Greenwood and is the largest of its kind in the United States. It employs several hundred men, women and boys throughout the canning season.

As I am a farmer's wife, there is quite a lot I could write about and if this misses the waste basket, I will tell you how succesful I am in raising geese, ducks and chickens.

I will sign my name and wish you all success and happiness.—Mrs. Lucy Beckner, Greenwood, Indiana.

I will forgive you for mentioning the waste basket if you will come back some day and tell us about your "live stock."—Elizabeth.

FROM A "TAR HEEL"

Cozy Corner—As I am always interested in the letters published in this department, I thought that a short one from a Tar Heel might not be amiss. I live in Guilford county, in about the center of the old North State. We have had one of the hottest, as well as driest summers for many years, but two weeks ago there were fine, soaking rains, and showers since then at intervals. So now the grass is green, flowers are blooming and all nature is refreshed and rendered beautiful by the change. Some days this summer the thermometer stood at 98 in the shade. We do not usually have a great deal of sultry weather, as we are between the mountains and the sea. As a consequence, we have a fine breeze, almost all the time.

Now, if any one would care to know how we live, we farmers have plenty. All kinds of vegetables can be raised here and we have fruit in abundance, "when it hits." Blackberries, dewberries and strawberries grow and flourish here by the roadsides, swamps and waste land. Yes, there are many "old fields," that, when covered with our heather-sage, are beautiful and afford fine pasturage, when something more substantial is given for dessert. We raise some corn and our wheat was excellent this year.

We have pine forests that are always green and they grow like magic. The pine has taken the place of the oak, to a great extent. There is a steady market for it, as many of the great factories and cotton mills use it for fuel.

I live about 12 miles west of the famous battleground Martinsville, or, as the battle is better remembered, by the name of Guilford Court House. It is a beautiful place, several fine monuments in the grounds; a museum full of revolutionary relics and here, every Fourth of July, hundreds, yea thousands of our inhabitants gather and celebrate the day.

In speaking of the farm products, I forgot to state that there is a great deal of tobacco raised here and it is noted for being fine, but this year the crop is small, owing to drouth.

In the southern part of the state vast quantities of cotton are raised, and here and all over the state we can beat the world raising fine sweet potatoes, we think.

Some time, if any one should care to move to our state, I will gladly write and tell what I can of our climate, people, churches, schools, and so on.—Regina R. Bowman, Colfax, North Carolina.

FANCHER BALDWIN.

"A curly-headed boy of four," whose picture was sent by his mother. He has a golden-haired sister, two years old, and they live in St. Louis, Michigan.

INSPIRING THOUGHTS

Dear Friends of the Peace Page—I have been a silent, but interested, reader of this page for two years, but this beautiful morning, when all nature is alive and the birds are singing so sweetly or chirping so happily, I cannot resist the temptation to write a few thoughts for the Peace Page. I enjoy so much the beautiful sentiments that are being expressed by the writers. They seem so like oil that is cast on troubled waters, in that they are so peaceful and inspiring, amid the great turmoil of this busy world of ours.

All things about me this morning are so peaceful, they breathe tne very essence of that peace which cometh down from above. The very joy of that One who said: "Peace on earth, good will to men," is the air.

My home is among the hills of a very historic part of the grand old state of Ohio. I may write of its historical events in the near future, if this is deemed worthy of a place on the Peace Page, but I shall not assume the task at present.

Our lives are very short here and I believe that they should be spent in every way possible to lift up our fellow men to a higher plane of living.—Minister, of Ohio.

Ourselves we first have to make good. Example is stronger than precept or protest.—Elizabeth.

"Previously Remarked"

As previously remarked, several times before, good food, served from a clean, orderly table, helps to make happy homes. You need not put on style, but a little prettiness; a flower, or a bit of green, are peace-promoters and smile bringers. You may think yoy do not have time for these. Take it; if you have to steal it from something else. A flower and a smile are two things which are always worth while.

I thank you good housekeepers for the recipes you have sent to help make the Blade Cook Book a good cook book. Keep on coming, and do not forget about full information regarding quantities, putting together and all the rest of the business which attends good cooking. Yours truly.—Elizabeth.

OUR COOK BOOK

By BLADE HOUSEKEEPERS.

THE daily mails are bringing to this page so many recipes for jarred, crocked and canned things, good to eat, that it begins to look as if our jellied, jammed and pickled chapters will take up considerable space in Our Cook Book. If you do not use these recipes, this year, be sure to save them for the future. They will make a fine scrap book to have in the family. Frequent testimonials are received regarding the excellence of the recipe. "I like the recipes and always find them good," is what the Peace Page housekeepers say.

Quince Honey.

Four good size quinces, four pints of granulated sugar; one pint of water. Boil sugar and water to a thick syrup. Peel and grate quinces, then drop in syrup as if making mush. Do not grate quinces until the syrup is ready, or the honey will be dark. Boil twenty minutes.—Golden Brown Hair, of Ohio.

Preserved Ginger Pear.

Take pears that are nearly ripe, but are still hard. Peel them and cut in thin slices. In the preserving kettle, put five pounds of the pears; four of white sugar; two lemons, sliced very thin, rind and all, and several pieces of ginger—not pounded fine. Put in layers and nearly cover with cold water. Cook slowly about four hours, or until thick, then seal in cans.

Bordeaux Sauce.

Two gallons of green tomatoes; one of cabbage; twelve small onions, all sliced thin and left in strong brine over night. Drain well and put in kettle with four sweet, red peppers, chopped without seeds; one tablespoon of celery seed, one of whole cloves, one of mustard seed, one of whole allspice, one of salt and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Vinegar to cover. Cook until tender. This is fine with meats.

Sweet Pickle.

This is for pears, peaches or sweet apples. Prepare fruit for pickling. Make a syrup of two pounds of brown sugar for each quart of vinegar. Take one tablespoonful each of ground cinnamon, cloves and allspice, and tie up in a cheesecloth sack. Let syrup come to a boil. Put in just enough fruit at a time, so the syrup will cover it. Cook until tender and pack in jars. Boil syrup down, so there will be just enough to cover fruit. Pour over the fruit and seal.

Mustard Pickles.

Two quarts each of small onions, cauliflower, cabbage cut in small pieces, small green cucumbers, ripe cucumbers, celery, green tomatoes, prepare for pickling and put in brine over night, then draw off the salt water. Take half pound of ground mustard, a half ounce of tumeric, six cups of brown sugar, two cups flour, a half ounce of curry powder, four quarts cider vinegar. Mix well, boil and add pickles. Boil about two hours, or until thoroughly cooked, and stir to keep from burning. The curry powder may be omitted.

Sliced Green Tomatoes.

This is a sweet pickle. One peck of solid green tomatoes cut in one-half inch slices and put in clear brine, strong enough to float an egg. Leave the tomato in this brine for 24 hours. Dissolve a small lump of alum in three quarts of water. Cook tomatoes until tender. Drain well and put in crock.

Take one tablespoon of whole cloves, two of whole cinnamon, two of mustard seed, two pounds of sugar and a quart of vinegar. Boil and pour over tomatoes.—An Interested Pickle Maker from Michigan.

PINTS AND POUNDS

Woman's World.

One pint of butter equals a pound.

One quart of sifted flour equals a pound.

One large pint of sugar equals a pound.

Nine large eggs equals a pound.

A pint of graham, seven and three-fourths ounces.

A pint of cornmeal, ten and one-fourth ounces.

A pint of rice, 15 ounces.

A pint of samp or course hominy, 18 ounces.

A pint of tapioca, 12 ounces.

A pint of bread crumbs, eight and three-quarters ounces.

A pint of raisins, nine ounces (lightly measured).

A pint of currants, 10 ounces.

A pint of brown sugar, 13 ounces.

A pint of maple sugar broken into crumbly pieces, equals one pound and four ounces.

An ounce of butter, two level teaspoonfuls.

An ounce of flour, four level tablespoonfuls.

An ounce of cornstarch, three tablespoonfuls (level).

An ounce of granulated sugar, two level tablespoonfuls.

An ounce of ground coffee, five level tablespoonfuls.

An ounce of grated chocolate, three level tablespoonfuls.

An ounce of pepper, four level tablespoonfuls.

An ounce of salt, two level tablespoonfuls.

An ounce of cinnamon, four and a half level teaspoonfuls.

An ounce of cloves, four level tablespoonfuls.

An ounce of mace, four level tablespoonfuls.

An ounce of curry, four level tablespoonfuls.

An ounce of mustard, four level tablespoonfuls.

An ounce of thyme, eight level tablespoonfuls.

An ounce of olive oil, tow tablespoonfuls.

An ounce of chopped suet, a fourth of a cupful.

AFTER 7 YEARS SUFFERING

I Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Waurika, Okla.—"I had female tro bles for seven years, was all run do and so nervous could not do an thing. The doct treated me for d ferent things b did me no good. got so bad that could not sleep or night. While this condition I re of Lydia E. Pin ham's Vegeta Compound, a began its use wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice. a short time I had gained my ave weight and am now strong and wel —Mrs. SALLIE STEVENS, R. F. D., 3, Box 31, Waurika, Okla.

Another Grateful Woman.

Huntington, Mass.—"I was in a n vous, run down condition and for th years could find no help.

"I owe my present good health Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Co pound and Blood Purifier which I b lieve saved my life.

"My doctor knows what helped and does not say one word against i —Mrs. MARI JANETTE BATES, B 134, Huntington, Mass.

Because your case is a difficult o doctors having done you no good, not continue to suffer without givi Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Co pound a trial. It surely has cur many cases of female ills, such as i flammation, ulceration, displacement fibroid tumors, irregularities perio pains, backache, that bearing-do feeling, and nervous prostration.

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Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

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AGED LORD WEDS IN SECRET

Suffield, 81, Takes Bride Thirty-one Years His Junior.

London, Sept. 14.—Lord Suffield, who is 81 years old, was secretly married on July 15 in Marylebone chapel to Mrs. Rich. 50 years old, widow of the late Colonel Rich. Lord Suffield's first wife was a daughter of the late Henry Baring. She left nine children, two sons and seven daughters. The youngest daughter, who was the Hon. Bridget Harboard (the family name of Lord Suffield), married the Hon. Derek W. G. Keppel, the second son of the Earl of Albemarle.

COLD STORAGE CHICKEN KILLS

Said Causes 60 Men on Battleship to Be Stricken.

Boston, Sept. 16.—Cold storage chicken is believed to have caused the death of William Starkweather, of New York, and the illness of between 60 and 70 sailors on board the battleship Michigan. All have recovered. Capt. Usher said that between 60 and 70 of his men complained of sickness on Sept. 4. A few days later, Starkweather died.

PREMIER'S DEATH CAUSES ALARM

Threats of Massacre Frighten Jews in Russia.

Kiev, Sept. 19.—Kiev has been turned into an armed camp following the death of Premier Stolypin last night. Thirty thousand soldiers have been brought here to protect the Jews, hundreds of whom are fleeing panic stricken over the threats of a massacre, bloodiest in the history of Russia. The czar has ended the military maneuvers and the troops are coming here. Emperor Nicholas, himself, left for Kiev last night.

New Campaign of Terror.

Simultaneously with the death of the prime minister came the arrest of 200 lawyers and other persons said to be associated with Bogroff. The police of Russia have taken cognizance of rumors long in circulation that the social revolutionists have outlined and are carrying out a new campaign of terroristic activity.

Dmitry Bogroff, the lawyer-assassin, yesterday for the first time talked freely of his past life and furnished the authorities with many of the clews which led to the 200 arrests.

Assassin Despondent.

The confident air which marked the prisoner when he was taken into custody has given place to despondency and he now is receiving medical treatment.

Bogroff yesterday declared that he held M. Stolypin as one of the most pernicious men of the state. However, the police have been told that revolutionaries put Bogroff, who had been filling the dual role of revolutionary agent and police spy, in a dilemma where he had to kill Stolypin or be killed himself.

Has to Kill or Be Killed.

Among the versions of the circumstances leading up to the assassination is the assertion that Bogroff belonged to a new autonomous revolutionary group. This group, the police have learned, has undertaken to continue the terrorism which was checked two years ago by the exposure of the dual role of Eugene Azef, who was at once the head of the fighting Socialists and a police spy.

Sometime ago Russian police agents abroad indicated that a new outbreak was impending. Recent acts of violence directed against those in the employ of the government have appeared to give more substance to these reports.

Story of the Shooting.

Kiev, Russia, Sept. 15.—Premier Stolypin was shot twice and mortally wounded while attending a gala performance of an opera here last night. Emperor Nicholas was seated only a few feet from the premier and witnessed the shooting.

One bullet entered Stolypin's hand as he threw it up to grapple with his assailant, the second bullet penetrated his body, grazing the liver and lodging in the spine.

The official bulletins on the premier's condition are optimistic in tone, but it is generally believed that the truth is being withheld by the authorities in the fear that knowledge of the gravity of his condition might bring the revolution long threatened in Russia and repressed only by the iron rule of the man who has made himself the real ruler of Russia.

Premier Stolypin was seated in one of the boxes, surrounded by a brilliant group of ladies and military and civil officials. The curtain was just descending at the close of one of the acts when a man occupying one of the seats below the box rose as though to go into the lobby of the theatre during the intermission. Instead, he leaped into the box and fired two shots into the body of the premier.

Before he could escape, army officers, who were in the box party as the premier's guests, pinioned the assassin's arms and wrenched the revolver from his grip.

Smuggle Assassin Away.

So quickly had the attack been made that for some moments few in the audience realized what had occurred. As the news spread through the house, spectators rushed toward the box to wreak vengeance upon the premier's assailant and it was with difficulty that police and secret service men, aided by theatre attendants, smuggled him out of a side door and to a prison van.

The identity of the premier's assailant is not known. He is closeted with the chief of detectives and the commandant of the Kiev garrison and efforts are being made to learn the names of his associates, if any.

That the attack is the work of terrorists is generally conceded. A roundup of known leaders of the propaganda was instituted immediately after the attack on the premier.

A number of arrests have been made.

Real Ruler of Russia.

As premier of Russia, M. Stolypin is the man who blocked the Russian outbreaks which threatened to effect a revolution and which came to a head during the term of office of Count Witte. His conduct of his office was attended with drastic and repressive measures, that earned him the hatred of the progressive classes and led to repeated attemps upon his life by the revolutionists.

The rapid retaliatory steps which he took among the terrorists won him the detestation of the advanced parties, but the support of the existing order and made him the real autocrat of Russia, with power exceeding that of the czar himself.

"Stolypin's necktie" became the synonym for the hangman's noose throughout Russia. Trials and persecutions proceeded with great rapidity under his direction and the advent of a more radical form of government was checked. He quarreled frequently with the Duma and was victorious in his disputes with that body owing to the confidence of the czar which he enjoyed. When M. Stolypin accepted the premiership he was perfectly conscious of his danger. He said at the time:

"I have no doubt that attempts will be made upon my life, but I hope that order will be restored and stability established in Russia before they are successful."

Premier of Russia Victim of Assassin

PREMIER STOLYPIN.

PHYSICIAN ADVISES CUTICURA REMEDIES

"Four years ago I had places break out on my wrist and on my shin which would itch and burn by spells. I would scratch those places until they would bleed before I could get any relief. Afterwards the places would scale over, and the flesh underneath would look red and feverish. Sometimes it would begin to itch until it would waken me from my sleep, and I would have to go through the scratching ordeal again. Our physician pronounced it 'dry eczema.' I used an ointment which the doctor gave me, but it did no good. Then he advised me to try the Cuticura Remedies. I got the Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills, and they seemed to be just what I needed. The disease was making great headway on my system until I got the Cuticura Remedies which have cleared my skin. From the time the eczema healed four years ago, until now, I have never felt any of its pest. I always use the Cuticura Soap for toilet, and I hope other sufferers from skin diseases will use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) Irven Hutchison, Three Rivers, Mich., Mar. 16, 1911.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world, a liberal sample of each, with 32-p. book will be sent free, on application to "Cuticura" Dept. KK, Boston.

SPANISH RIOTERS MURDER JUDGE, CIVIL WAR NEAR

Valencia, Spain, Sept. 19.—The rioters murdered a judge and wounded other officers of the court which had been engaged in the trial of those who had been arrested earlier in the day. The mob was finally dispersed by guards from the custom house.

Premier Canalejas announced that the government has in its possession the details of a revolutionary plot uncovered at Valencia and Barcelona.

The revolutionary movement which began with a general strike in Bilbao, is threatening the entire country. Railroad men are on the point of striking. The step taken by Premier Canalejas in declaring martial law in the centers of disturbance appears only to have aggravated the toilers.

Martial law has now been declared throughout all Spain. There have been numerous clashes between troops and strikers and the encounters frequently have been marked by bloodshed, especially in Bilbao.

These things make increasingly significant King Alphonso's recent remark to Don Lond Rua, the Republican leader, whom he received on board the royal yacht at Bilbao.

"Your political opinions," the king is reported to have said, "form no obstacle to my receiving you with the same affection as others and with greater pleasure. I am monarchial because I was born a king; had it been otherwise, nobody knows what my opinions might have been. Who knows but that we shall all soon be republicans?"

Air Scents of Revolt.

The atmosphere in Spain is throbbing with intrigue and revolution. There are secret meetings, wild confiscations by the police, mysterious arrests and hurried movements of troops. From this condition of affairs there is no relief in sight.

A general strike, which has behind it revolutionary support, has broken out at Valencia, a maritime city of Spain, 190 miles southeast of Madrid.

The streets are occupied by troops.

The telegraph wires out of Valencia have been cut. Just before communication with the city was broken off it was reported that serious disturbances had occurred.

FRANCE PLAYS ON GERMAN POVERTY

Forces Satisfactory Settlement of Moroccan Dispute, Says Report.

Paris, Sept. 19.—It is reported in financial circles that American financiers are responsible for the expected satisfactory conclusion of the Franco-German negotiations in regard to Morocco. The story goes that Germany made $75,000,000 in the stock market over the scare caused by the appearance of the German gunboat at Agadir. This was all lost in the recent panic, which was caused by the concerted action of French financial institutions in withdrawing gold from Germany.

The German government is obliged to pay off next Monday $75,000,000, principally in 4 per cent. treasury notes which are outstanding in France and are due the same day.

The leading German banks foresaw their inability to pay these demands, and their representatives approachd Baron Rothschild of Frankfort on the subject. Baron Rothschild came to Paris to confer with leading financial magnates in regard to the crisis. The conference lasted all day Sunday.

Sunday night the American banking representative came forward and agreed to share in a loan on condition that Germany should agree to give a reply satisfactory to France on the Morocco question by 6 o'clock Tuesday evening. There is great optimism here over the news that Germany is financially hard pressed, and is therefore unable to engage in hostilities. The papers here have not printed the story about the action of the American representative, but it is in2 circulation in nfiancial and other circles.

Spain Denies Secret Treaty.

Madrid, Sept. 19.—Premier Canalejas categorically denies that there was ever a question of Spain ceding a port or island of the Canaries to Germany.

A Paris dispatch on Sept. 16 quoted the Gil Blas as saying that France in her latest communication to Germany included a request for guarantees that no secret treaty existed between Spain and Germany concerning the sale or transfer of any Suanish territory in Morocco or any Canary island to Germany.

HONOR GOOD INDIANS

Santee, Neb., Sept. 19.—Many visitors have gathered here for the celebration and fair arranged by the Indians of the Santee agency. The celebration, which began today and will continue until Friday, is given in honor of the deceased Indian chiefs, Wanpekoote and Medwakantonwan. During each week of the four days there are to be dances, athletic sports, addresses by prominent speakers and concerts by the Santee Indian brass band, which is one of the oldest organizations of its kind in the country. The big day of the celebration will be Thursday, when the best Indian dancers of the Sioux, Omaha, Chippewa and Winnebago tribes will contest for cash prizes.

RUSSIA'S BAN ON BAPTISTS' PLAN FOR SEMINARY THERE

Too Much Religious Liberty and Education in Scheme for American-Built School at St. Petersburg —Would Menace Czar's Job.

By the Religious Rambler, William T. Ellis.

The presence of 24 Russian delegates to the recent World Congress of Baptists, in Philadelphia, stirred that denomination and, to a lesser degree, the churches of the whole country, to an unprecedented extent; and the most notable single action of the congress was the raising of $100,000 to establish a Baptist seminary in St. Petersburg. Now all the high hopes of the Baptists have been temporarily, at least, dashed by the news from St. Petersburg that the ban of the Russian government is upon the proposed school, and that it will be in vain for the delegation appointed by the congress, Rev. Dr. Russell R. Conwell, of Philadelphia, and Rev. F. B. Meyer, of London, to visit St. Petersburg and seek the czar's favor.

Their Feelings Restrained.

Now it is time for the whole story to come out. During the sessions of the congress the leaders endeavored to be very punctilious in their utterances upon the subject of the Russian government. The people, in their acclaim of the Russian martyrs of religious liberty who stood before them, would gladly have gone to great lengths of denunciation, had they not been restrained. Such a tide of feeling might easily have been created as would have swept congress into action concerning the delicate subject of the refusal of the Russian government to honor American passports, when borne by citizens of Hebrew birth. This is a matter upon which the state department prefers that everybody concerned keep silent. Yet if the Baptists, and their fellow champions of American rights and liberties, join hands with the powerful Jewish section in America, there would surely be consequences.

Why American Delegates Are Unwelcome.

The message from St. Petersburg states that the delegates from the Philadelphia meeting—which officially represented more than 8,000,000 Baptists throughout the world—could not be received by the czar. The Holy Synod stands in the way. The officials of the latter say that Baptists are listed by the ministry of the interior as among the "politically subversive sects." As if to add emphasis, if not insult, to the refusal, the dispatch says that the police have been ordered to exercise especial vigilance over "the attempts of sectarians to inveigle orthodox Russians from the state church."

The simple truth underlying this is that the Baptists teach teh old, old docrine of liberty of conscience. For this dear principle they have suffered all over the earth, including America during the Colonial period. Now their adherents are undergoing persecutions in Russia that recall the days of Russ and Luther and Wycliffe. Among the men who attended the Philadelphia meeting were some who had suffered confiscation of property, exile, prison, chains and persecutions because they chose to believe according to their convictions upon religious subjects, and not according to the instructions of a state church.

King and President Greet Baptists.

Russia and the czar are simply unable to comprehend the spirit of intellectual liberty, and the growth of religious tolerance. That such a body as the Baptist congress should presume to send a greeting to King George and President Taft, and receive cordial greeting in return, is utterly unthinkable in Russia.

And with reason. The whole present system in Russia is bound up with the ecclesiastical organization of the state church. There is no analogy for this in any other nation except Japan, where the emperor is regarded as a Shinto diety, but where religious freedom prevails. The case of countries which have adopted Roman Catholicism as the state religion, or Lutheranism, is in no wise analagous. In Russia, the church is the state; the state is the church.

Americans generally do not understand the phrase "Little Father" as applied to the czar; they look upon it as a term of endearment. It really means that all members of the Russian Orthodox church—and practically all Russians who are not Jews or Moslems are in the state church—are taught from infancy to regard the czar as God's representative on earth, the vice-regent of heaven. Above is the Great Father; below is the "Little Father." This doctrine is ingrained in the minds of the millions of Russian peasants, who are far more illiterate than the Chinese. It is fostered by the aristocracy, whose power it insures. The greatest buttress and bulwark of the Russian autocracy is the state church. Let religious liberty and general education enter the country and its people, who are of virile stock and imperial capacity, will quickly end the present archaic system. The leaders of the government know this; therefore they are as quick to repel Baptists as they are to repress Jews.

Siberia a Land of Liberty.

Paradoxically, it is to Siberia, the prison land, that the leaders of religious tolerance look as the land of liberty. There is now a huge emigration under way to Siberia; an emmigration confined to Russian subjects, as the government will not admit others. Siberia is the greatest "Out West" on earth, and amid the wide reaches of this new territory the pioneers, like all pioneers, are being acclimated to broader ideas and higher conceptions of common rights. Bibles are sold openly along the Siberian railway; newspapers are read, and the schoolhouse is bound to come.

At present, though, every large detachment of immigrants into the regions of the Amur river, whither the present tide of population has been turned, carries with it a long-haired and frowsy priest of the Orthodox church. This man is usually illiterate and not overclean in his person. But he wields a tremendous power over the simple peasant. He is the staff upon which the government leans hardest for support.

The traveler over the Trans-Siberian railway may see, at stations where the trains make protracted halts Greek churches filled with costly ikons; the entire interior being resplendent with gold and gems and color; while the surrounding homes of the people are mere log huts and dug-outs. The contrast is most striking. Yet the sincere, though ignorant, piety of the people maintains it.

When once the Russian peasant has been emancipated, spiritually and intellectually, as well as politically, he will make short shrift of the present politico-religious autocracy that rules the land. That end is being hastened by every such effort as that made in Philadelphia by the Baptist of the world, and the Russian government knows it. Small wonder, then, that it will not welcome a deputation in behalf of religious liberty.

PRIEST DISCERNS NEW COMET

Nucleus Visible to Naked Eye and the Tail Can Be Seen.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 19.—Father Martin S. Brennan, S. J., a priest astronomer, has sighted a tramp comet, the tail of which can be seen with opera glasses after 8 p. m. The nucleus is visible to the naked eye just south and west of the star Chuban, known as the "Tail of the Dragon." The head is much larger than that of Halley's comet. Its origin and identity are unknown.

A Very Generous Spectacle Offer.

One of the most remarkable offers made by a large company is the one now being announced by the Dr. Haux Spectacle Company, of St. Louis, Mo., who are offering to send a brand new pair of the Dr. Haux famous Perfect Vision Spectacles to all our readers who really need spectacles, absolutely free of charge. There is no reason whatever why you should not get a good pair of spectacles free if you need them, and we, therefore, advise you to write to the company at once for full particulars.

ASKS BALM OF POWDER TRUST

Trenton, N. J., Sept. 19.—The Buckeye Powder company which formerly manufactured powder at Peoria, Ill., today brought suit in the United States circuit court here for $5,000,000 damages against the E. I. Dupont de Nemours Powder company and a number of its subsidiary concerns which are familiarly referred to as the "Powder Trust."

The Buckeye company claims that its business has been injured by the practices of the so-called powder trust and places its actual damages at $1,119,957 and also asks for punitive damages.

A Senator at the Bar.

Washington Providence Journal.

A Democratic senator from an eastern state, who came to Washington on the 4th of March last as the progressive successor of one of the most regular of the regular Republicans, being one night in a famous barroom of the capital, a place frequented by the most distinguished statesmen, more or less, of the last 50 years, accompanied by some other senators and representatives, this distinguished eastern senator forgot the dignity of his position to such an extent that he actually donned a white apron and, going behind the bar, served drinks for 15 or 20 minutes to the regular customers.

RAILWAYS IN ERIN TIED UP

Strike Extends to Queenstown, Demoralizing Train Service.

Dublin, Sept. 19.—The Irish railway strike, which began late Friday night, is spreading. The engineers on the Southern and Western lines struck yesterday. The employes of the London and Northwestern, prior to going out, handled the American mails.

Passenger and freight traffic at Limerick is at a standstill. The special trains for the Curragh of Kildare races were abandoned.

A general meeting of railroad employes was held to consider the question of a national strike because of the refusal of the companies to meet the demands of the men.

Boat and train services between Fishguard and Rosslare are paralyzed. The Irish strike has extended to Queenstown. This is likely to affect the American mails coming on the Carmania, which is due here on Wednesday. It is likely that the steamship will carry the mails on to Liverpool.

Service over three great systems, the Great Southern, the Midland Great Western, and the Great Northern, is demoralized.

GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER WEDS

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Sept. 19.—Elaborate preparations have been completed for the wedding of Miss Emily F. Osborn, daughter of Governor and Mrs. Chase S. Osborn, and Richard Sanderson of Ridley Park, Pa. The ceremony is to take place tomorrow evening in St. James' Episcopal church of this city. Among the guests will be a number of prominent society people from out of town.

6 CARDS FREE HALLOWE'EN THANKSGIVING

We will send you six of the loveliest Hallowe'en and Thanksgiving Cards you ever saw if you will send 2c to pay postage and mailing and will say you will show them to four of your friends. A. PARTER, 167 Clinton St., Chicago, Dept. 119

BRACELET AND RING FREE

We will give this beautiful gold finished extension bracelet and gold ring for selling only 12 packages of our Souvenir Post Cards at 10c a pkg. Write for cards today. Satisfaction guaranteed. REGAL MFG. CO., Desk B 7, CHICAGO, ILL.

Married Women Find

Listed in our Catalog, at the right prices, just the kind of Rubber Specialties they are looking for. Drugs and Toilet Necessities. Send two cent stamp for postage. P. O. Ferguson Co., 429 O, Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

GRAIN MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Sept. 19.—Only on Sundays or holidays is the wheat market any duller than the present period, which marks the few remaining days before the great reciprocity election is settled in Canada. The final action on the issue will not be taken until the Canadian parliament meets in October. It is generally conceded, however, that the question will be settled by the election, as the representatives can be counted upon to discharge their obligations. A slight upturn at the outset as attributed to an advance in Liverpool. Trading was exceedingly light and no news of consequence was received from the northwest. Toledo cash and September opened at 94¾c, December at 96¾c, May at 1.02⅝.

Over-confident shorts who sold early covered later. Closing cables were bullish. Final prices, which follow, were ¼c to ⅝c up, cash 94⅝c, December 97c, May $1.02⅝c.

There are two crops of corn in many sections this year. One was planted in May and the other in June. The former is ripe as a rule, but the late planted will require another week or so to mature. Toledo September opened unchanged at 68½c, December ¼c advance at 64¼c, and May unchanged at 77⅝c.

Cash corn closed at 69c, December at 64c, May at 66¾c.

At the following prices, oats opened unchanged: September 45¼c, December, 47⅝c, May 49⅜c.

Final oats prices: Cash 45¼c, December 47¼c, May 49⅜c.

Clover seed is as apathetic these days as cereals. The local market opened unchanged all around at $12.00.

The only change in clover seed all day was a decline of cash of 2½c. Closes: Cash $11.97½, October, December and March $12.00.

TOLEDO.

	Wheat—Open.	High.	Low.	Close Sept. 19.	Close Sept. 18.
Cash	94¾	....	94	94⅝	94¼
Sept.	94¾	....	94	94⅝	94¼
Dec.	96¾	97¼	96⅝	97	96¾
May	1.02⅝	....	1.01⅞	1.02⅝	1.02¼
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	69	68¼
Sept.	68½	....	....	69	68¼
Dec.	64¼	64⅝	....	64	64
May	66¾	....	....	66¾	66⅜
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	45¼	45¼
Sept.	45¼	45½	....	45¼	45¼
Dec.	47¾	....	46⅝	47¼	47⅜
May	49⅜	....	....	49⅜	49⅜
Clover Seed—					
Cash	12.00	....	....	11.97½	12.00
Oct.	12.00	....	....	12.00	12.00
Dec.	12.00	....	....	12.00	12.00
Mar.	12.00	....	....	12.00	12.00
No. 2	....	....	....	11.70	11.70
No. 3	....	....	....	11.40	11.40
Rejected	....	....	....	11.20	11.15
N. E. G.	....	....	8.50@10.70	8.50@11.00	

	CHICAGO.				
Wheat—					
Sept.	92¼	....	91½	92	92¼
Dec.	95½	96	94⅞	95⅞	95½
May	1.01½	1.01⅝	1.00⅞	1.01⅝	1.01¼
Corn—					
Sept.	68¾	....	....	67⅝	68
Dec.	64¼	64½	63½	64	64⅜
May	66	....	....	65¼	65⅞
Oats—					
Sept.	42⅜	42⅞	42⅝	42⅜	42⅝
Dec.	43¼	....	44⅝	45¼	45¼
May	47⅞	....	47⅛	48	47⅞

	NEW YORK.				
Wheat—					
Sept.	98⅝	....	....	98½	98¼
Dec.	1.01⅝	1.01⅞	1.01⅜	1.01⅝	1.01⅜

	ST. LOUIS.				
Wheat—					
Sept.	90¾	....	....	91⅜	91
Dec.	94⅜	....	93¾	94⅝	94⅜

	MINNEAPOLIS.				
Wheat—					
Sept.	....	....	....	1.01⅛	1.01¼
Dec.	....	....	....	1.03	1.02⅝

	DULUTH.				
Wheat—					
Sept.	....	....	....	1.01⅜	1.01⅛
Dec.	....	....	....	1.02	1.01⅝

	WINNIPEG.				
Wheat—					
Oct.	....	....	....	99¼	98½
Dec.	....	....	....	97⅝	97

	CHICAGO PROVISIONS.				
Pork—					
Jan.	15.25	....	....	15.02	15.25
Lard—					
Jan.	8.95	....	....	8.87	9.00
May	8.97	....	....	8.87	9.02
Ribs—					
Oct.	8.50	....	....	8.42	8.45
Jan.	8.00	....	....	7.95	8.03
May	8.10	....	....	8.00	8.10

Money and Stocks.

New York, Sept. 19.—(Wall Street.)—A heavy tone prevailed at the opening of the stock market today, following the lead of the London market, where prices of the International issues sold off sharply. Selling was especially heavy in United States Steel and the Harriman stocks. Canadian Pacific lost 1¾, Union Pacific and United States Steel 1¼ and Southern Pacific and American smelting a point. International Harvester sold at 100¾ and broke its low price of the year.

The decline was of brief duration, enough short covering and new buying developing at the lower levels to send prices back to yesterday's closing or beyond. United States Steel did not rally proportionately with the rest of the list.

Foreign influences were largely responsible for unsettlement of the stock market today. The increase in the German bank rate of discount to 5 per cent, although it had been forecasted, served to emphasize the disturbed conditions abroad, and presented the possibility of an increase in the Bank of England's rate this week.

The unavoidable effect upon the Berlin market of the change in the German rate was accentuated by serious disturbances in Spain and Austria, and the uneasiness of foreign security holders was a determining factor in shaping the action of the market here. The copper stocks were singled out for pressure, and amalgamated copper and American Smelting declined over a point. Other stocks also displayed heaviness at intervals but the indications of support manifested after the early weakness restricted bear selling and prices recovered somewhat before midday. Bonds were steady.

New York Stocks.

Stocks.	Toledo, Sept. 19, 1911. Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Am. Loco. com	34½	34½	34½	34½
Am. Sz. Rfg. Co	115	115	115	115
Atchison	102¾	103¼	102¼	102¼
Am. Car & F. Co	46½	46½	46½	46½
Anaconda	34	34½	30⅝	33⅝
Amal. Copper	56	56¼	53⅜	54
Am. Smelters	68	68⅝	66¾	66⅞
Am. Ag. Chem. com.	51⅝	51⅝	51	51
Am. Tel. & Tel	135½	136¼	135½	135½
Am. Tobacco pfd	93	93	92	92
Am. Cotton Oil	51	51	50¾	50¾
Am. Beet Sugar	53⅝	53⅝	52¼	52⅝
Balt. & Ohio	96¾	96¾	96¼	96¾
B'lyn R. Trans	73⅞	74	73¼	73¼
Cast I. Pipe pfd	45	45	45	45
Beth. Steel com	28¾	28¾	27½	27⅝
Canadian Pac.	225	225⅝	223½	223½
Clover Leaf	18⅞	18⅞	18⅞	18⅞
Clover Leaf pfd	43¼	43¼	43¼	43¼
Ches. & Ohio	71⅜	71¼	70⅛	70⅝
Central Leather	22	22	21¾	21¾
Consolidated Gas	132¼	132¼	130¼	132¼
Can pfd.	83½	83½	83¼	83¼
Corn Product com	12⅝	13	12⅝	12⅝
Del. & Hudson	160	160	160	160
Distillers Sec	31½	31¾	30½	30½
Erie com	31⅜	31⅜	30⅝	30⅝
Erie 1st pfd	51⅝	51⅝	50	50
Erie 2d pfd	41⅝	41⅝	41⅛	41⅝
Gt. Northern pfd	123⅜	124¼	123⅜	123⅜
Gt. Northern Ore	45¾	45¾	45¾	45¾
Int. Harvester com	101¼	101¼	100¾	100¾
Interborough com	14¼	14¼	14¼	14¼
Louis. & Nash	140	140	139	139
Laclede Gas	102⅝	103	102½	102½
Missouri Pacific	35½	36	35	35
M. Kan. & Tex	30¼	30¼	29¾	29¾
M. K. & T. com	28⅞	28⅞	28⅝	28⅝
Nor. Pacific	115½	115⅝	113⅞	114
Natl Lead	49	49	49	49
Nevada Cons	16¾	16¾	16⅜	16⅜
Northwestern	140½	140½	140	140
North Am. Co	65	65	65	65
N. Y. Central	102	102⅛	101⅝	101⅝
N. & W. com	101⅞	102	101⅞	102
Ont. & West	39	39	38⅝	38⅝
Pr. Steel Car Co. com	27½	27½	26¾	27½
Penn. Rr.	119⅝	120¼	119¼	119¾
Pacific Mail	30¼	30¼	29½	29½
Reading com	139¼	140⅜	138½	138½
Rock Island	24¼	24¼	24	24
Rep. Iron and S. Co	29⅜	29⅞	27	27
Rep. pfd.	87¼	87¾	87¼	87¾
Rr. Steel Springs	27½	27½	27½	27½
South. Ry.	27¼	27¼	27¼	27¼
South. Ry. pfd	64½	64½	64	64
St. Paul	112¾	113¼	111⅝	111⅝
South. Pacific	107¼	108⅛	107¼	107¼
So. Pac. Con. 4's	96¼	96¼	96¼	96¼
Sloss-Shef. com	37	37	37	37
Third Ave	8	8	8	8
Union Pacific	160¼	160¾	158⅝	158⅝
Un. Pac. Con. 4's	102	102	101¾	101¾
U. S. Steel	66⅞	67	65	65
U. S. Steel pfd	114⅝	114⅝	113¾	113¾
U. S. Steel 5's	103½	103¼	103¼	103¼
Utah Copper	42¼	42¼	41¼	41¼
Virginia Chem.	51¼	51¾	51¼	51¼
Wabash pfd.	27¼	27¼	26¾	26¾
Western Union	77¾	77⅞	76¼	76¼
Westinghouse	61	61	61	61

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Sept. 19.—Hog receipts were light and the market ruled dull with prices 10c to 15c lower in sympathy with outside markets. Other lines were steady.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $7.10@7.15; good mediums, $7.20@7.25; heavy yorkers, $7.20@7.25; light yorkers, $6.90@7.15; good pigs, $6.25@6.50; bulk of sales, $7.20@7.30; stags and roughs, $4.50@6.00.

Cattle—Prime steers, $7.00@7.25; good to choice, $7.00@7.25; good fat, $6.50@7.00; fair to good, $5.50@6.50; common and light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice fat cows, $5.50@4.00; common cows, $2.50@3.50; canners and cutters, $2.00@2.50; prime export bulls, $4.00@4.25; good butcher bulls, $3.50@4.00; fair to good bologna, $3.00@3.50; common, $3.00@3.25; choice fat heifers, $4.50@5.25; fair to good heifers, $3.50@4.50; common and light heifers, $3.00@3.50; good choice feeding steers, $4.50@5.25; fair to good feeders, $4.00@4.50; stockers, $3.50@4.00; stockers, common to fair, $3.00@3.50; milkers and springers, $25@50.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $3.50@4.00; good to choice mixed, $3.00@3.50; fair to good, $2.50@3.00; culls and common, $2.00@2.50; spring lambs, $6.25; common to fair, $4.00@7.00; yearlings, $4.00@4.50; top lambs, $4.00@6.00.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $11 down; fair to good, $8.00@8.50; common to fair, $7.00@7.50; heavy and pailed, $5.00@6.00.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 19.—Receipts, 50 cars. Hogs—Receipts, 2,000; market lower; heavy Yorkers, $7.50; light Yorkers, $7.25. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,500; no sheep, $4.25; top lambs, $6.40. Calves—Receipts, 500; top, $9.75.

Pittsburgh Live Stock.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 19.—Cattle—Receipts none. Hogs—Receipts, 2,000; market lower; heavy Yorkers, $7.50; light Yorkers, $7.25. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,500; no sheep, $4.25; top lambs, $6.40. Calves—Receipts, 500; top, $9.75.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Sept. 19.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 7,500; market weak to shade lower; beeves, $4.00@8.15; Texas steers, $4.50@6.50; western steers, $4.10@7.; stockers and feeders, $3@5.80; cows and heifers, $2.25@6.30; calves, $6@9.50. Hogs, receipts estimated at 14,000; market weak to 5c lower; light, $6.75@7.25; mixed, $6.55@7.27½; heavy, $6.50@7.20; rough, $6.50@6.70; good to choice heavy, $6.70@7.20; pigs, $4.40@6.80; bulk of sales, $6.75@7.10. Sheep, receipts estimated at 50,000; market weak to 10c lower; native, $2.75@4.25; western, $2.50@4.25; yearlings, $3.40@4.50; lambs, native, $4@6.15; western, $4.25@6.25.

**Toled

NEW MONEY
Maker in the Field

Ambitious men—young and old; makes no difference. Permanent appointment to earnest workers; no experience necessary. A safe, honorable business, yielding large profits.

No exaggeration. Send for the facts. Read them all; then you will know what we say is true.

New Improved Diffusion Device U. S. Fire Extinguisher. Recent invention, yet 100,000 already sold. Fire Chief Best says: "I know of cases where they have saved many dollars by quick action on flames. With pleasure I recommend the U. S." Another says: "Fire Department made thorough test. We can safely recommend it to the public.

People have instinctive horror of fire. Almost every building everywhere is without protection—homes, houses, barns, stores, shops, offices, factories, thousands of city flats and apartments at fire's mercy.

You show what U. S. will do to fire, sale is made. Within 30 days Owens ordered 350; profit $437.50. Read, 338; profit $422.60. Kuens, 240, profit $300. We have plenty of other reports—good ones. They are told in plain words from men in the field. We would like to send some of them to you. They will open your eyes. Agents and district managers wanted everywhere. Send for whole proposition right now and assignment of district.

UNITED MFG. CO.,
1695 United Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

GRAIN CASE TEST IN HIGHEST COURT

Power of Rail Board to Stop All Pay to Elevator Operators Is in Question.

Washington, Sept. 19.—One of the hard fought orders of the interstate commerce commission which will come for review by the supreme court of the United States probably within the first two weeks of the term, involves the so-called "grain elevator cases." It is expected to bring forth a decision from the supreme court on the much disputed question as to whether the interstate commerce commission possesses the power to prohibit railroads from paying to operators of elevators all compensation for "elevating grain in transit."

Trade Boards Help Railroads.

The commission issued orders embracing such a prohibition. Missouri river cities are principally affected by the orders and the boards of trade from these points have joined with the railroads terminating there to test the validity of the commission's action. The United States supreme court for Western Missouri has decided that the commission is without the power it sought to exercise.

Another issue that will be fought out early in the term is whether the stock yards in the big cities are common carriers within the meaning of the interstate commerce laws.

The question arose in a suit by the government to collect a penalty prescribed by the twenty-eight hour law, regulating the care of live stock during interstate transporation.

Yards Won in Lower Court.

This action was brought against the St. Louis National Stocks yards. The United States circuit court of appeals for the seventh circuit held that the stock yards was not a common carrier and approved a verdict in favor of the yards.

One case pressed by the government against the Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern Railroad company is expected to lead to a decision as to whether a railroad may transport sheep through a state into another state, when the state through which the sheep pass is under quarantine in accordance with the law for "scabies in sheep."

DOG IS REARING LION'S CUBS

Bereaved Canine Mother Consoled by Savage Foster Children.

Chicago, Sept. 19.—There is one dog in Chicago that will feel at home in the African jungles if her master ever decides to take her there. She is at present engaged in rearing two lion cubs to full-grown lionhood. They were born last Saturday moning at Lincoln park, but the lioness flatly refused to nurse her offspring.

The two lion babies piteously proclaimed the fact that they were hungry. Finally Devry learned of "Lady Slopes," a Boston bulldog whose eight puppies were drowned.

"Lady Slopes" was taken to the lion house and, after a preliminary sniff or two, she wagged her tail approvingly. The cubs ceased to whine, and 20 minutes later they had forgotten that such a thing as hunger ever existed.

WAIT FOR PRESIDENT

Washington, D. C., Sept. 19.—Owing to the absence of President Taft on his western trip, the meeting of the Lincoln Memorial Commission, which was to have been held at the White House next Monday, probably will be deferred until the return of the President to Washington the first of October. President Taft is a member of the commission, which has been authorized by Congress to expend $2,000,000 on the erection of a monument in this city to commemorate the life and public services of President Lincoln.

This Free Book Will Save You $20.00 a Year

I want to tell you all about my *Celebrated Steel Shoes*—why one pair will outwear six pairs of leather shoes—how a pair will give you more foot-comfort than you ever had in your life. How they will keep your feet powder-dry all the time. How light and comfortable they are the year around.

I have told half a million others these facts. They have bought steel shoes of me and saved millions of dollars among them. More than that—they can be on their feet all day—at any work, without foot fatigue. And they have gained health protection.

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prevent rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, lame back and other troubles caused by wet feet. I want to show you the way to avoid these dangers and all such troubles as tender feet, corns, bunions, chilblains, and at the same time show you a saving of $20 a year in actual money on account of the extra wear you get from my shoes.

Will you write me a postal today and get full particulars? Let me send you this free book of mine by return mail.

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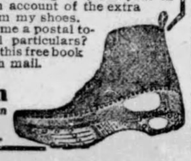

CLIMAX NEAR IN CANADIAN BATTLE

Borden, Opposition Leader, Issues Statement Asking Reciprocity Defeat.

Otawa, Ont., Sept. 19.—The political campaign reaches its climax today and Wednesday and although both sides claim to be sure of the people's verdict, the party managers and candidates have not ceased their exertions.

As a matter of fact, the leaders of both parties are anxious because of several elements of uncertainty which prevail in Quebec and the maritime provinces, and the most strenuous campaign arguments are being resorted to by both sides.

The party leaders have made arrangements whereby many Canadians in New England and elsewhere in the United States who are registered in Canada will return to vote Thursday. It is said that fully 5,000 of these former residents will vote in Quebec and the other eastern provinces.

Charges continue to be made by both sides that each party is receiving aid from corporations in the United States.

Premier Hard at Work.

It is evident that neither side intends to slacken the pace in the strenuous campaign which is to settle the fate of the reciprocity agreement.

After speaking in a town near here yesterday afternoon, Sir Wilfrid Laurier returned to the capital to address last night a meeting that overflowed Ottawa's largest auditorium.

The Premier's principal speeches today will be in Montreal, and the day before election he is to address several meetings in Quebec province. Mr. Borden, the opposition leader, had his time filled in Nova Scotia.

R. L. Borden, the opposition leader, issued in Halifax last night a final appeal to the people of Canada to defeat reciprocity. The appeal, in the form of a signed statement, declared that the people now understand that they are called upon to determine not a mere question of making markets, but the future destiny of Canada.

He appeals to Liberals and Conservatives alike and says he speaks no tas a party leader but as a Canadian citizen whose hopes are bound up with the hopes of his country.

While he says that the outlook is full of hope, he believes that "we are in truth standing at the parting of the ways" and he therefore begs the people to cast a soberly considered vote "for the preservation of our heritage, for the maintenance of our commercial and political freedom and for the permanence of Canada as an autonomous nation within the British empire."

LIMBS BOUND; SWIMS MILE

Oregon Man Has Sea Lions as Convoy.

Bay Ocean, Ore., Sept. 19.—With his hands and feet tied, in a heavy sea, and with sea lions plunging about him, Arthur Cavill, of Portland, world's champion swimmer, yesterday swam one mile across the dangerous Tillamook bar. His time for the feat was 48 minutes. A steamboat accompanied him. A thousand persons on shore witnessed the swimmer dare the "white horses" that shook their manes on the bar.

JUDGE GROSSCUP OFF BENCH

Chicago Jurist Will Resign to Practice Law Again.

Chicago, Sept. 19.—After serving 19 years as a member of the federal judiciary in the northern district of Illinois, Peter A. Grosscup, judge of the United States circuit court and a member of the United States court of appeals, announced today that he will send his resignation to President Taft shortly after the meeting of the United states court of appeals, October 3.

A desire to enjoy more freedom as a citizen and resume the practice of law are given as reasons for his decision.

Cable News Notes

BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.

PARIS.—Robert Bacon, the American ambassador to France, has returned from his trip to the United States and resumed his post.

LONDON.—It is stated that the shipping companies engaged in the North Atlantic trade have nearly completed arrangements for an all-around increase in passenger rates, in order to recoup their losses arising from the recent increase in wages.

LONDON.—Sir Robert Hart, who for many years was inspector general of Customs in China, and who has been living in England since 1908, is dangerously ill.

CHRISTIANA.—A court martial has sentenced 150 soldiers to short terms of arrest. The men had taken part in a mutiny at Stenkjaer and Gardemoen on August 30, when they stormed the guard houses and liberated comrades.

BERLIN.—The contract for the construction of an extensive shipyard with the most modern equipment at Kawasaki, Japan, has been awarded to a Duisburg firm. English and American contractors also submitted bids.

BERLIN.—Max Hugo Libermann von Sonnenberg, agrarian and anti-Semite member of the reichstag, died today.

LONDON.—American Ambassador Reid and Mrs. Reid left for France today to be at the wedding of Mrs. Reid's nephew, Ogden L. Mills, and Miss Margaret Rutherford, daughter of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, which is to take place in Trouville on Wednesday.

GUAYAQUIL, ECUADOR.—Gen. Alfaro, who recently resigned the presidency, sailed for Europe last evening by way of Panama, on the British steamer Chile. The French, German and Colombian ministers accompanied Alfaro's party from Quito and dined with the general on board the cruiser Cotopaxia. Later in the evening there was a torchlight parade.

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM.—Charles Page Bryan, who has been transferred from the post of American minister to Belgium to become ambassador at Tokio, left today.

PARIS.—M. Mamet, the aviator, formerly associated with M. Bleriot, intends touring the world in an aeroplane with companion, Rene Million. The route so far planned runs southward through France, Spain, Algeria, Tunis and Egypt; thence by steamer to India; across India through the air; by steamer to Australia; by steamer to South America; a flight over that country; thence by steamer to Africa; and then northward by the air line.

CORN IS DOING WELL

Weather of Week Favorable U. S. Bureau Reports.

Washington, Sept. 19.—Generally favorable weather in the corn and cotton growing states during the week which ended yesterday was reported by the national weekly weather bulletin of the weather bureau, issued today. It says.

The high temperatures over the great plains, the central valleys and southern portions of the country and the severe cold with killing frosts over the interior portions of New York and New England were the most marked features of the weather of the week. In the corn growing states west of the Mississippi the warm weather was favorable for maturing late vegetation and the harvest of crops.

Good rains fell in Missouri and portions of Iowa and Kansas but in Nebraska, South Dakota, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Western Kansas it was mostly dry.

In the corn growing states east of the Mississippi the weather was warm but partly cloudy with considerable rain. Much damage from severe wind storms occurred in Central Illinois and from washing and flooding in portions of Ohio.

In the states of the spring wheat belt the weather was generally warm and favorable from the Dakotas eastward; over the western portion, however, it was cool, partly cloudy and generally unfavorable.

GODDESS' BONNET IS VALUABLE ONE

It's Up-to-Date, of Its Kind, and Costs Uncle Sam $500.

Washington, Sept. 19.—The bronze statue of Freedom on the top of the dome of the capitol is wearing a new bonnet. It isn't a fashionable creation according to modern standards, being a headdress of the somewhat martial type favored by exclusive goddesses of the best Olympian society when the world was very new, but cost enough to have originated in the classiest millinery shop of Fifth avenue or the Rue de la Paix. It consists entirely of platinum and steel and stood Uncle Sam just $500.

The goddesses' bonnet, which must be replaced every third year, and sometimes oftener, is even more useful than ornamental. With its assistance she protects from lightning the $40,000,000 capitol, with its store of priceless government records. In the headdress, which looks conventional enough from the ground—again measuring convention by Olympian standards—are five steel rods, capped with cones of pure platinum. The rods themselves are welded to heavy copper wires which, thoroughly insulated, are carried through the interior of the statue and thence to the ground. The lightning rod, for such it is, in an expensive and magnificent way, has been pronounced by experts the most perfect it is possible to manufacture.

Saves the Capitol.

All summer long, when fierce thunder storms are frequent in heat ridden Washington, the goddess is pounded by lightning. Were it not for the expensive bonnet she undoubtedly would have been knocked off the capitol long ago and the great dome, which is of steel, badly damaged. Even as it is, the folks in charge of the capitol have to send a man aloft once in so often to see whether the goddess' bonnet is in good shape. When the five tips were removed a little while ago so that new ones could be substituted, they were found to be twisted and split, the steel and platinum fused by the shock and heat of the thunderbolts. Even so, mounted on little brass bases, they make fine paperweights. The President has one on his desk and about 50 senators and members put in requests this year for the five that have just been replaced.

Storms play such strange freaks around the great metal dome of the capitol that it is extremely difficult to get men to ascend as high as the goddess or even to get them to do repair work in the vicinity, unless the weather is absolutely clear and there appear to be absolutely no prospect of a change. Only a few weeks ago a gang of 12 steeplejacks were painting the steel girders away up near the feet of the goddess when a heavy gust of wind dipped their perpendicular ladder away from its fastenings. And then they noticed that a thunder storm was approaching with a rush.

Steeplejacks Scared.

They were a badly scared dozen. They scrambled as best they could, down the sloping, slippery bulge of the dome, down to the six-foot copper gutter surrounding it. But then they couldn't go any further. It was a straight drop of 50 feet to the nearest ledge and it was manifestly impossible to get their ladder back in place before the storm broke, even if they had been able to attract the attention of anybody on the ground. And they couldn't even do this.

Then the lightning began to get in its fine work. Bolt after bolt struck the platinum-tipped steel rods of the headdress of the goddess and the dome was apparently bathed in flame. One of the workmen, scared almost into a fit, leaned over to touch a comrade, but when his hand was still a foot away the two of them were bathed in a blue electric glare. Every time one of them moved in the cupper gutter he started a miniature Fourth of July celebration. The whole dozen thought their time had come and yet not one of them got so much as a single shock.

Describes His Sensation.

"It was just like being in hell, only without the heat," said one of the men a couple of hours later when the storm was over and they had descended. "The gutter and the dome fairly crackled with electricity and our bodies were so charged with it that we could make human arc lights out of ourselves just by holding our hands close together. No more of that for mine.

Only seven of the dozen showed up the next day and they lost half an hour looking at the weather before they began to climb.

ABDUCTED GIRL WEDS

Winnipeg, Man., Sept. 19.—Eleanor Gladys Price, whose abduction and 30 hours of captivity in the woods last week resulted in a man hunt lasting several days and the subsequent arrest of Ed Davis yesterday was married to Frank Patterson at whose home the school teacher boarded.

RELIGIOUS FIGHT AIDED BY MORGAN

Whole Country Will Be Covered by Movement Which Starts Today.

New York, Sept. 18.—The men and religion forward movement, which has the support of J. P. Morgan, will send out today its battalion of thirty trained men and formally open a nation wide campaign to bring the Christian life to men and boys. In the afternoon there will be a meeting of 500 clergymen and laymen to plan for the New York campaign, which will fill eight days in the middle of next month, and in the evening James G. Cannon will give a dinner to the thirty religious workers at the Metropolitan club.

On Friday the men who will take the active part in the propaganda will be in Chicago. Then they will go to a country place near Minneapolis for a week's conference with the originators of the movement, and on Oct. 2 will begin the public preaching of the laymen's religious campaign in Minneapolis.

Every large city in the United States and Canada will be visited in the campaign, which will last until May 1.

Purposes of the Movement.

A purpose of this movement is to bring the church to the working man. The idea germinated while Fred B. Smith, a Y. M. C. A. worker, was looking out for soldiers in the Spanish war. He impressed his ideas upon Harold Arnold, an insurance man of St. Louis, who met the international Y. M. C. A. delegates in New York two years ago and put before them his plea for a wide laymen's religious movement.

In 1910 Mr. Smith called a meeting of representatives of nearly all the Protestant religious brotherhoods, but before they met Arnold had developed tuberculosis and was in a sanitarium in the Adirondacks. He is better now and will probably be able to participate in this winter's work.

"This will be the most expensive religious movement of modern times," said Henry Reed, representing the local committee. "For more than a year preparations have been made under the general direction of the committee of ninety-seven, representing foremost financiers, merchants, manufacturers, and men of affairs in the United States. They are going to put through this religious campaign with the same energy and thoroughness with which they have put through great undertakings in the business world. The movement is thoroughly undenominational."

Workers Divided in Groups.

The actual work of the thirty men who take the active part, Mr. Reed explained, will divide itself into work with boys, social service, Bible study and evangelism.

The trained workers will divide into groups for the smaller cities and will unite for the larger towns, such as New York, Chicago, Boston and others. They will work in unison to show men that the principles of Christianity are applicable to every day life and modern business affairs.

CRUSADE HELD AS MOST AMBITIOUS

New York, Sept. 19.—Joseph G. Cannon, a New York banker, who is one of 97 financiers and clergymen who are directing the "Men and religion forward movement," gave an elaborate dinner at the Metropolitan club last night to the 30 trained Christian workers who are to open the new crusade in Minneapolis on October 2 to evangelize the American continent.

It is said that the movement, which has been taking form for some time, is the most ambitious religious crusade since the days of the Reformation.

The 30 workers are all men, so chosen because the leaders in the movement believe that men can best be converted by fellow-men.

At a meeting attended by 500 ministers interested in the movement, held at the Broadway Congregational tabernacle yesterday afternoon, it was argued that a "real man's" influence was strongest with the masculine sex.

The speakers said that the time was ripe for a crusade of this sort. The workers will visit 76 centers of population in this country and Canada.

A COLLEGE FOR MILLERS

State College, Pa., Sept. 19.—A school for millers, said to be the first ever opened in the United States, has been established and will begin its sessions at the Pennsylvania State College tomorrow. The school is to be under the direction of B. W. Dedrick, the college instructor in milling and mill engineering. Applications for admission to the school have been received from prospective millers all over the country.

One on the Supervisor.

Everybody's.

The supervisor of a school was trying to prove that children are lacking in observation.

To the children he said: "Now, children, tell me a number to put on the board."

Some child said "thirty-six." The supervisor wrote sixty-three.

He asked for another number, and 76 was given. He wrote 67.

When a third number was asked, a child who apparently paid no attention called out:

"Theventy-Theven. Change that, you darn thucker!"

Thackeray's Daughter's Novel.

Pall Mall Gazette.

Sir Russell Reynolds, the late eminent physician, once related how he met Thackeray at dinner shortly after the publication of "The Story of Elizabeth," by his daughter, now Lady Ritchie.' "I told Thackeray how much I admired this charming novel. 'I am very glad,' he replied, but can form no opinion of its merits as I have not read it.' 'Not read it!' I exclaimed in great surprise. 'No, was the answer. "I dared not, I love her too much!'"

Her Two Complaints.

Lippincott's.

Edward the colored butler of a lady in Washington, had recommended his mother for the position of cook, but when the applicant came the lady noticed that she was no very strong looking.

"Do you suppose you will be able to do the work, Auntie? You don't look very healthy.

"Yes, ma'am, I is able; I ain't nuvver been no ways sickly in my life—ain't nuvver had nuthin' but smallpox an' Edward."

CHENG TAKEN BY REBELS

Shanghai Hears Capital of Western Province Has Fallen.

Shanghai, Sept. 18.—It is reported that the rebels have captured Cheng Tu, that high officials have been slain and that the viceroy with his family barely managed to escape and flee.

Government Troops Routed.

Chung-King, China, Sept. 18.—Late advices from Tsu-Chau say that a detachment of cavalry numbering 100, which had left Cheng-Tu and had proceeded as far as the Lungcheni hills, was ambushed by the revolutionists, and routed. The survivors returned to Cheng-Tu.

The following day a stronger force of cavalry left the besieged capital and came into collision with the rebels. They forced their way through the besiegers and opened the road to Jen-Sou, 50 miles to the south.

The loyal troops re-occupied Kien-Chau on Sept. 14. It is believed that the viceroy at Cheng-Tu has arranged for an ultimate retreat to the yamen, which has been fortified. The buildings surrounding the yamen have been demolished.

Delayed Message Hopeful.

Peking, Sept. 18.—The French and German legations have received Cheng Tu dispatches dated Sept. 10 and Sept. 11, describing the conditions in the city as tranquil, and declaring the troops are maintaining discipline and order. Neither dispatch makes any reference to the food supply.

The dispatches indicate that Gen. Chao-Erh-Feng, commander of the troops within the capital, is endeavoring to conciliate the besieging forces. He has offered to indemnify the families of the insurgents who have been killed with a sum of money amounting to about $18 each. He also has promised to the anti-railway leaders immunity from decapitation.

It is believed that probably not less than 20,000,000 persons will suffer by the famine throughout the country the coming winter.

MAINE WET BY 20 VOTES

Official Count Verifies Newspapers' First Reports.

Augusta, Me., Sept. 19.—Complete official returns from the special election of Monday, Sept. 11, when Maine voted on the question of the repeal of the constitutional prohibitory amendment, as canvassed by the governor and council showed a majority of 20 votes in favor of repeal.

Various discrepancies were found in the official returns as compared with the tabulations compiled by the secretary of state's office. The latter indicated a majority for repeal of 136.

YALE GETS GIFTS OF $236,000

Announces Receipts Since July and Will Enlarge Athletic Field.

New Haven, Conn., Sept. 19.—At the September meeting of the Yale corporation yesterday, announcement was made that gifts of $236,000 had been received by the university since July 1. These are about equally divided between endowment and building funds.

The purchase of 20 acres of land near the Yale athletic field to provide more adequately for the athletic needs of the university also was made known.

Among the new appointments are those of Sir William Osler, of Oxford, England, as Silliman lecturer in 1912, and of Prof. Joseph Iddings, of the University of Chicago, as the 1913 lecturer.

WOMAN CONTRADICTS DOCTOR

Victim of Physician's Bullets Says She Did Not Shoot.

Terre Haute, Ind., Sept. 19.—For the first time since she was shot by Dr. O. R. Spigler, a week ago Saturday night, Mrs. Lillian McCulloch, wife of a police sergeant, made a statement yesterday.

"I did not shoot first," said Mrs. McCulloch. "I did not shoot at all."

Further than this Mrs. McCulloch would not discuss the case.

STOVE COMPANY FOUNDER DIES

Detroit, Sept. 19.—James Dwyer, president of the Peninsular Stove Co., is dead, aged 69. Mr. Dwyer with his brother, Jeremiah Dwyer, president of the Michigan Stove Co., founded the stove industry in Detroit.

Glasses Absolutely Free

Now look here all you weak-eyed, spectacle-wearing readers of this paper, you've just got to quit wearing your dim, scratchy, headache-producing, sight-destroying spectacles at once as I am going to send you a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses absolutely free of charge.

—These **"Perfect Vision"** glasses will enable you to read the very finest print in your bible even by the dim firelight—

—These **"Perfect Vision"** glasses will enable you to thread the smallest-eyed needle you can lay your hands on—

—These **"Perfect Vision"** glasses will enable you to shoot the smallest bird off the tallest tree top on the cloudiest days—

—These **"Perfect Vision"** glasses will enable you to distinguish a horse from a cow at the greatest distance and as far as your eye can reach—

Now please remember these wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses are free—absolutely free to every reader of this paper—not a cent need you pay for them now and never.

I therefore insist that you sit down right now—this very minute—and write me your name and address at once and I will immediately mail you my Perfect Home Eye Tester and a four-dollar cash certificate entitling you to a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses absolutely free of charge—just as cheerfully as I have sent them to nearly all the other spectacle-wearers in your county. Address—

DR. HAUX—The Spectacle Man—
ST. LOUIS, MO.

NOTE:—The above house is perfectly reliable.

Cartridges

"The Most Accurate"

The tests held recently by the Board of Government Experts to determine the best ammunition resulted in Winchester rifle cartridges again being found superior to all other makes. This official finding is a reliable guide to follow in the selection of ammunition. All Winchester cartridges from the tiny .22 to the big .50 caliber, and all Winchester shotgun shells, are made with the same care, under the same scientific supervision, and of the same high class of materials as the Winchester rifle cartridges which have won the Government tests two years in succession. Winchester rifle and pistol cartridges are uniform and reliable. Their accuracy, velocity and penetration are unequalled. They are always effective for small game, big game, dangerous game, target practice or protection. Use them and attain your highest degree of shooting efficiency.

Red W Brand of Ammunition is Sold Everywhere

THIRD FLYER IS DELAYED BY FALL

Rodgers, in Ocean to Ocean Flight, Crashes to Ground at Middletown, N. Y.

Middletown, N. Y., Sept. 18.—In attempting to resume his flight to the Pacific coast this morning, Calbraith P. Rodgers crashed into a tree and fell with his aeroplane thirty-five feet to the ground. The airman received scalp wounds, not serious, but his machine was wrecked so badly that he probably will be unable to fly until tomorrow.

Nearly Crushed to Death.

Rodgers stuck to his seat during the plunge, but was thrown when the machine hit the ground and caught under one of the wings, just escaping being crushed to death by the heavy engine. After the first inspection he said that if the engine could be repaired, the other broken parts could be supplied from duplicates in his special train. If obliged to send back to New York for another engine he did not know how long he might be delayed. In any event he had no expectation of getting away again before tomorrow morning.

The transcontinental racer rose before daylight today intending, if possible, to create a new distance record for one day's flight. He left the ground at 6:15. Although there was little wind he failed to get a good start and nearly struck a four foot stone wall surrounding the pleasure grounds from where he took off. Then at a height of twenty feet one of his planes struck the limb of a willow tree. This threw him out of his course, and he crashed full speed into a big hickory just beyond.

Smoking When Pulled Out.

The branches of the tree partly broke the force of his fall, but the machine came down so hard head-on that the engine was partly buried in the soft ground. Rodgers was pulled out from under his plane still smoking a cigar he lit just before the start. He was assisted to his special train which stood waiting nearby with steam up, ready to accompany him on today's journey over the Erie railroad.

Rodgers landed here at 6:18 o'clock yesterday evening after making his first day's flight from Sheepshead Bay, about eighty miles, in one hour and fifty-three minutes. If all went well today he had hoped by Tuesday to pass his competitor, James J. Ward, who is delayed at Owego, N. Y., by an accident Saturday.

CHINA FACES A NEW REVOLT

Peking, Sept. 19.—The anti-railway loan movement seems to be taking on increasingly a revolutionary character throughout the country, and the government is concerned over the recent meeting of anti-loan agitators at Hongkong.

At this meeting it was resolved to organize the opposition in the provinces of Hupeh, Hunan, Kwang-Tung, and Szechuan.

In Peking the palaces and the residences of the officials are protected by extra guards.

TO OPEN ANTI-TRUST BAKERIES

International Bakers' Union Plans Nation-Wide Fight.

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 19.—Enough money has been assured union heads for the establishment of six "anti-bread trust bakeries," according to announcement made at today's session of the convention of the International Union of Bakery and Confectionery Workers. On the first bakery, which will be built in Pittsburgh, the union will expend $75,000.

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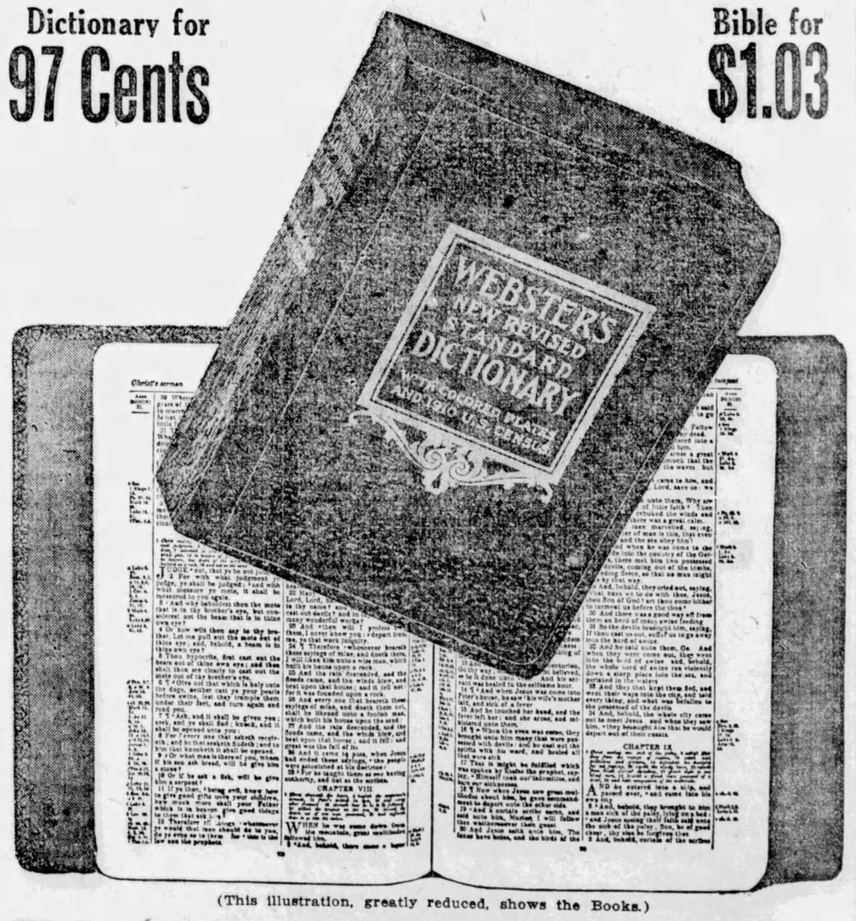

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